

THE Leatherneck

Magazine of the U.S. Marines



February, 1943

Price 25c



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RAIDERS

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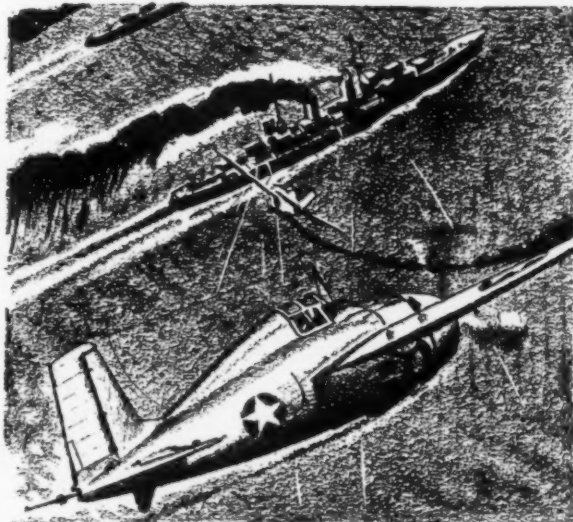


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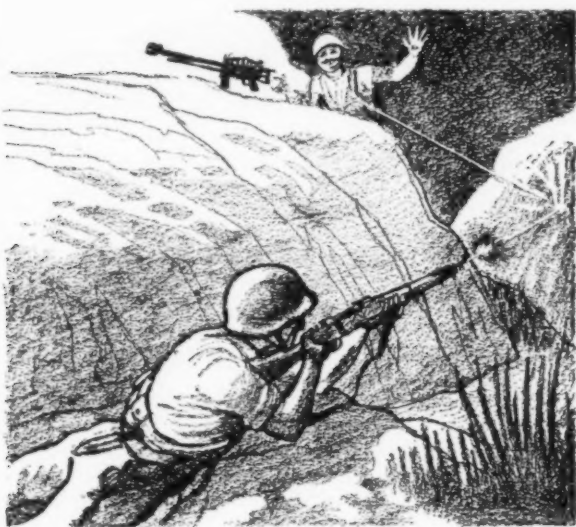
LEATHERNECK TEAMWORK



NEVER GIVE UP spirit of the Marines was displayed in truly heroic manner as these two buddies, one blinded by deadly shellfire, the other badly wounded but able to see, took over a machine gun and routed an attacking Jap force. When aid arrived one Devil Dog was aiming the gun and his buddy was shooting it, and the ground in front of the plucky pair, littered with dead Nips, gave proof that two Leathernecks may be down but never out.



TEAMWORK IN THE CLOUDS caused sudden sinking of two enemy destroyers off Guadalcanal when a quartette of Marine Corps fliers split forces, one pair taking the first ship, the other giving the second "a good working over." It must have been good, because while a third got away, official credit for two "cans" went to the flight leader, Lieut. Franklin (Cowboy) Stout, and Lieuts. Jack E. Conger, Frank Drury and Clarence (Cloudy) Faulkner.



BILLIARD SHOT with an '03 brought fame to red-headed Pfc. Clifford C. Hills, who astonished his mates by shooting at an angle at a sniping machine gunner tucked away behind a rock-bound banyan tree on Tulagi. Spotting the rat-a-tat gun barrel, Hills—believe it or not—tried a ricochet shot with gunnery "English" on it. The ingenious scheme worked perfect, because the nest was silenced and later they found a very dead Japanese soldier.



DAMON AND PYTHIAS had nothing on Privates First Class Roy H. White and Walter C. Smith, whose achievements included duet work on the same five-inch gun in the Coral Sea, Midway and in the Solomons and with the guitar. They grew up together in Union, Miss, they're both 23, they went to high school and later to college together, and then joined the Marines and went to sea on the same ship. Now they're heroes together, too!



THIS GUN IS BLASTING JAPS FROM THE JUNGLES

This is the Harrington & Richardson Reising Submachine Gun—"6½ pounds of controlled dynamite" . . . a .45 cal. whirlwind that pounds out heavy slugs about eight times a second in full-automatic fire. It's in mass production for mass destruction. It's blasting big red holes in little yellow men.

Want to know more? Want to find out what there is about this H&R gun that led the U. S. Marines to adopt it? how it operates, with only three moving parts, a light bolt, and very little recoil? how to achieve submachine gun marksmanship? who is this man Reising, and what does he know about guns?

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detailed photographs showing the complete steps of disassembly and reassembly.

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SPOTLIGHT ON AFRICA

THOSE dramatic U. S. task force landings in North Africa focussed attention on one of the oldest, but least known, corners of the world. Even if the boys had guessed where they were headed for, it wouldn't have done them much good to look up dope on the country and customs of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia. Outside of the deserted back-regions in some of our larger and drier libraries, books with accurate, interesting information on this part of the globe are as hard to locate as a poker-loser on pay day. And up until a couple of recent releases, the movies have been worse.

Some of the boys in the first wave maybe thought, when they were finally told they were on the road to Morocco, that ahead of them lay moon-lit harem scenes generously filled with Dottie Lamour and Marlene Dietrich. If you can't remember when Dietrich was playing the road here, ask your saltiest noncom to think back to the good old days when Sergeant York was in the French Foreign Legion. Pay-off scene in the old-release "Morocco" was when Dietrich, deciding she couldn't take any rationing of Gary Cooper, started off to follow the troops on a forced march across the desert, hobbling along on high heels, with those gorgeous gams ankle deep in artificial, guaranteed non-scratch sand.

The AEF boys there today are putting on a far better show than the Cooper-Dietrich hot-panzer. But there's nothing artificial about the sand in their shoes. And they're finding the Foreign Legion, in what little fighting it's done in this campaign, had a lot more glamour than guts. Off the bedroom set, the French they are a funny race.

They didn't turn up any Hedy Lamarr in Algiers either. The native women all along the coast turned out to be heavily veiled for a darn good reason. And though there were plenty of sheiks on hand, in the best Hollywood tradition, they proved to be bearded battle axes

keener for horse-trading, wife-buying, or blood-spilling than for tender scenes inside a striped tent.

Even the good old atmosphere of Casablanca has changed from the days when Hump Bogart was a honky-tonk refugee-runner there dabbling in international affairs. There is still plenty going on undercover in Casa since the Yanks took over, but the M. P.'s have the situation well in hand, and Axis agents are now getting out before they are thrown out. In short, any resemblance between the real Casablanca and Morocco and the movies of the same name is purely Occidental. Same thing holds true for "The Arabian Nights" (featuring that international heat-wave, Maria Montez), which is about as much like Arabia as Parris Island is like Paris.

Don't get us wrong. "Arabian Nights," "Casablanca," and "Road to Morocco" are all swell shows—but strictly from Hollywood. If you want to know what the boys over there are really seeing and doing, consult your nearest newsreel theater.

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS

2 BELLES
and all's well!
I'VE GOT GALS A-PLenty SINCE
I LEARNED TO GET SATIN-
SMOOTH SHAVES WITH COLGATE
BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM!

GET

COLGATE
BRUSHLESS SHAVE
IN TUBE OR JAR
at your P. X. or SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

THE SARGE PAID OFF!
I BET HIM THERE IS A 'NO-BRUSH' SHAVE
CREAM THAT COULD SHAVE HIS TOUGH
BEARD SMOOTH AND EASY - COLGATE
BRUSHLESS WON FOR ME!

ONE forthcoming show, however, is worth the chips in more than just entertainment value: "Immortal Sergeant," featuring Hank Fonda of the U. S. Navy, in the role of a Libya land-lubber in the British Desert Army. Fonda is not the sergeant. He's a boot corporal, something of a kid at the start, who goes through some terrific desert fighting with a "Lost Platoon," and turns out to be quite a man, thanks to his "Immortal Sergeant." Advance reports are that sandstorm and desert action scenes in this are up to "Wake Island" standards for reality and effectiveness. So also are the naval battle and storm scenes in "Stand By For Action" and "In Which We Serve." Don't forget "Immortal Sergeant" and "In Which We Serve" are about the British Army and Navy, which explains the upside down chevrons on the picture of the gun crew on this page. Might be a good idea for you to pick up these two shows and see the much-maligned English fighting spirit in the making. Those Limeys aren't doing so bad right now in Tripoli, Tunisia, and Burma.

WHEREVER YOU ARE—



SMOKING LESS OR SMOKING MORE*?

* Govt. figures show all-time peak in smoking

This year—make this wiser cigarette choice. You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS—*scientifically proved* less irritating to the nose and throat!

Read what eminent doctors reported in medical journals—WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *FINEST* CIGARETTE!

Not the Same Guy

BY JOHN DE GRASSE

THIS is a story about Joey Searle, cooker-upper in his day of at least a hundred rackets, and responsible for as many deaths. For Joey the racket days were quickly over and forgotten. He had spent the next five years in travel, mostly because he had to, and partly because it was an ambition he had held close to his heart and pocket-book. Now his traveling days were over. Some dope had started a war, before he could even figure out an angle. Joey headed back for the metropolis that had been his bread and butter.

The first day he hit the old town he could see the difference. Uncle Sam had been doing a swell job of making chumps out of the old mob. When he

couldn't find a slight smell of the numbers between beers, then he knew something was drastically wrong. Floriello the undertaker had a new and more restrained entrance to his establishment, and the violin cases were missing from Goldstein's Pawn shop window. The down-town crowd was busy going somewhere; not one of the old gang was hanging around Pop Bauer's pool parlor. No one stopped to notice him as he sauntered through the crowded streets.

Chancy Malone was still selling newspapers on Pop's corner, perhaps the only remnant of a forgotten decade. He bought a paper and grunted as Chancy recognized him, leaving him with an attempted conversation in mid-air.

The end of a perfect day came when he found his draft notice in the mail box at the old office. Joey never could be bothered with legal technicalities. He tore it up and gave Dave Foreman, his long-unused but still-remembered mouthpiece, a buzz on the phone. A strange voice answered and informed Mr. Searle that Lieutenant Foreman was on duty at Fort Dix. Joey hung up with a laugh. He'd never thought Foreman, of all people, would be sucker enough to fall for this military malarkey.

In the middle of his laugh, Joey stopped very suddenly. Dave had handled his legal stuff for the past fifteen years. He had just torn up some official-looking papers. It didn't seem quite so funny as it did before. As a matter of fact, Joey felt sort of puzzled as to where he was going to turn next. Jamming on his hat he slammed the door of his old office and headed downtown.

Three blocks down the avenue, at Chancy Malone's corner, the bewildered rat-race of his thoughts was interrupted by a line of men streaming out of a building directly in front of him. Joey came to earth and saw that it was the post office building. In front of the door was a sign, "Do You Want Action? Join the Marines." He looked again and then he started to laugh—action? Sure that's what he needed! Why not take the suckers up on their offer? If he couldn't make his own soft spot in a tough outfit, his name wasn't Joey Searle. He wasn't too old yet—only 29, and he'd had the best of everything. He was still laughing when he completed the physical exam. Here was the old challenge, he could feel it in his blood. If he couldn't beat these chumps out of



THE SERGEANT simulated a ten-man offensive in the jungle.

a good spot till this war was over he had wasted three years' experience with the toughest mob west of Jersey.

JOEY didn't surprise himself. He breezed through "Boot Camp" carving his initials on every target put in front of him. Every weapon was a family reunion. Sure enough, Joey was all set, just as he had known he would be. They kept him on at the range as an instructor. Joey was good at that too—he'd always known how to take care of his "boys." Hell, he figured, he was set for the duration. This was the gravy train all right.

There was just one thing that Joey hadn't counted on. He was a little too good—too good to be wasted. He took such good care of his boys that when they left with a suicide outfit for parts unknown, Joey left with them. Now he was responsible for a bunch of kids that had never looked into the wrong end of a typewriter when it meant life or death—and he was in charge. It had hap-

(Turn to page 57)



"JOEY SEARLE was the worst punk I ever knew in the old days."



PUT YOUR HAIR "AT EASE"

If your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, get an economical bottle of *Glostora today* and learn how easy it is to keep your hair well-groomed.

All you need do is apply a few drops of *Glostora* to your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will stay just as you comb it.

Glostora softens hair, makes it pliable. Stubborn, unruly hair "falls in line" like a recruit after a *Glostora* "dressing down".

Glostora gives hair a natural, rich-looking, well-groomed look. Doesn't leave it stiff and hard-looking as some waxy pastes and creams often do.



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Glostora
KEEPS HAIR NEAT
FROM REVEILLE TO TAPS

THE LEATHERNECK

Carry On

FROM LONDON

SIRS:

May I congratulate you on the November issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. It is really a "finished article" and a fitting tribute to the glorious Corps which it serves.

THE LEATHERNECK is appreciated greatly by all the U. S. Marines "over here."

H. D. CAMPBELL,
Colonel, USMC.

London, England.

LARGEST ISLAND

SIRS:

Just finished reading the Anniversary Edition. Well done, my lads, well done. Enjoyed it greatly.

It is not often I find a mistake in your columns but now I'm sure I've found one. You stated in "This is a War of Islands" (page A-9) that the island of Oahu is larger than that of Hawaii. I think you will find Oahu is much smaller. In fact about third in size in the Hawaiian group. Hawaii is the largest.

Is it true that the Army is limiting leaves to 14 days now? What a pity.

Looking forward to next month's *LEATHERNECK*.

PFC. DALE RHEA, USMC.

c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

(*LEATHERNECK*'s quizz writer erred. Hawaii is the largest in area (6,412 square miles) and has the greatest altitude (13,825 feet). The rank in size, Hawaii; Mani, 728 square miles; Oahu, 598; and Kauri, 547. This office has received no information as to the limit of Army furloughs.—Ed.)

PROUD AND HOW

SIRS:

I am writing to you as one of the many women who are proud of their sons, husbands and sweethearts in the U. S. Marines. We are proud of you boys, the way you hold your heads up, your loyalty to the Corps, and of how

neat you look at all times. Why, I have yet to see a Marine who didn't have his shoes polished to the point where a girl could apply her lipstick just by looking in them.

I most certainly can't close without mentioning the fine Marines we have down here in Florida . . . Their commanding officer, Major William A. Davies, is very popular among the residents of the city. . . It is to this man that the Marines' good reputation here in Dunedin may be given credit.

MARIE BIDA.

Dunedin, Fla.

(We are proud, too.—Ed.)

VETERAN BOOT

SIRS:

I joined the seventh of December, 1941, so don't rate the defense ribbon but was aboard the *USS Lexington* during its fighting after the war started, so it seems there should be something to show I have done some fighting for my country. As it is, since I am just a private, I don't look much different than these fellows just out of boot camp.

NAME WITHHELD.

(President Roosevelt approved the award of the Asiatic-Pacific Theater, American Theater, and European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Medals for service in the military forces during the present conflict on 6 November, 1942. However, the regulations governing the award of these medals have not been promulgated to date. The service will be duly notified when such action is taken.—Ed.)

SOLOMONS AIR RAID

SIRS:

Enclosed is a copy of a poem which seemed to meet with the approval of the boys in our outfit. I am sending it in with hopes that you may find space for it in our magazine. Our recreation is limited a bit so I have taken up writing as a pastime but I am afraid I am still in the ranks of the amateurs.

CPL. JOHN S. STANKUS.

Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands.

IT'S SO INFORMAL

Something new has been added to the science of mass killing. Land troops too have a new taboo; to fight it takes some drilling. Bombing attacks and the sound of ack-acks give us a new sort of tuning.

The sirens' scream, seems just like a dream when the red conditions' brewing.

We stop in our task, we don't bother to ask; three short blasts are plenty, We take to our holes like a bunch of moles, our age increases twenty. We huddle in groups like a bunch of stoops and guess at the planes' direction, Our "radio ear" is thrown into gear and takes up its job of detection.

After what seems like years, a drone hits our ears and we sit right up at attention, Drone turns to roar and we know what's in store and the pom poms pom prevention. They tear up the sky, make the planes fly high, breaking up their formation, Bombers roar like birds too big for words, they look like a dream creation.

Their course has been turned, some hit, some burned, and they seem to lose their bearing, We've called their bluff, they drop their stuff, and the bombs through space come tearing, We hit the earth that gave us birth and the holy men start praying, Bombs tear up the ground and toss us around in our dugouts where we're laying.

Our fighters are hot, they seem to blot the sky with the wreckage of falling Nips, Their toll is high up there in the sky, they sure can handle their ships, We hear one long blast, "all clear" at last, we relax and change to normal, They came, they went, the Japs are spent and the whole damn thing's so informal.

ARMY SLANGUAGE

SIRS:

We noticed your article, "Dismissed" in the October issue of THE LEATHERNECK. You took the words right out of our mouths.

We also noticed, in a paper sent to us, an articles written by some "boot" corporal. We are enclosing it in hopes you'll make some comment and come to the aid of your buddies who are inter-

ested in winning a war and not learning to write a letter "U. S. O. style."

ST.SGT. RAY C. SMEDLEY
SGT. WILLIAM J. KNISELEY
CPL. HENRY M. ALTENGARTEN
CPL. JOHN C. RAHE
CPL. JOHN A. ROGERS
PFC. RAYMOND C. MURSCH.

In the Field.

Pigeon Loft,
August 11, 1942.

DEAR CHICKEN:

This sugar report is coming straight from second heaven. You should cop a gander at the taxpayers straggling in. This new bunch of handcuffed volunteers are some contrast to the processed jeeps on the way out by the numbers. Another whistle-shy group resting by the roadside just jumped to 'tenshun when the striper sounded with "Off and on, let's go!"

Last Thursday, Zipper - stripe Andy was sad-sacking around the horizontals until he managed to grub a couple of frog skins and take it on the hoof for town. Seems he did a little crowdin' after getting too much suds and shacked up at the Greybar hotel. He is still sweating it out on the honey wagon.

Time for light out. Good night, and remember to keep cookin' with both burners.

Your big juicy CORPORAL
RICHARD

(If this is Army slanguage, we join with Smedley, Kniseley, Altengarten, Rahe, Rogers, and Mursch in taking the Marine Corps lingo for better or for worse.—Ed.)

OUTSTANDING MARINES

SIRS:

In the November issue, page A-26, I think the caption of that picture should read "Four Outstanding Marines." Isn't that the late Gen. Smedley Butler on General LeJeune's left, and on his right, the late Gen. Wendell C. Neville, who was Commandant during 1929-1930? As a lad of ten years, I was personally acquainted with General LeJeune when he was in command of the Marine detachment at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1913, and also with Sgt-Maj. John Quick, who was at the yard at that time.

To further put my mind at ease, in the December issue on page 15 isn't that Capt. Mike Davidowitch holding up that Jap flag with his left hand? Last time I heard of the Captain, he was provost marshal at New River.

Getting back to the November issue page 14 it seems to me that it was always a cardinal rule never to point your piece at anyone unless you intend to

"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY!"



OUT of the old soldier's proverb book, this warning still carries weight with today's streamlined fighting men.

That's why they insist on Ammen's—the skin comfort powder that makes feet forget what they've been through and relieves rashes, itching and other forms of irritation.

Ammen's balanced formula assures the essential dryness that absorbs perspiration without caking the pores. But it doesn't stop there. It soothes irritated tissues, it guards against bacterial growth.

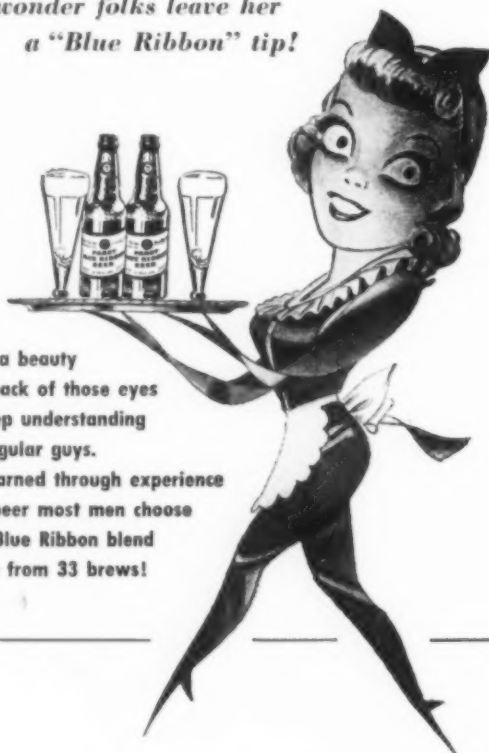
Over the generations this famous triple action powder has proved that it's man's best friend when skin comfort is at stake. That's why, today, it goes along with Uncle Sam's fighting men. Ask for Ammen's Powder at your Post Exchange



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Mary, the waitress, is smart as a whip

No wonder folks leave her
a "Blue Ribbon" tip!



MARY's a beauty
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Is a deep understanding
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She's learned through experience
The beer most men choose
Is that Blue Ribbon blend
Made from 33 brews!

THAT softer, kindlier taste in each tingling glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon comes from FULL-FLAVOR blending... a Pabst process that gives you *all* the taste-tones of a well-rounded beer. Ask for this popular favorite at your nearest Post Exchange. On tap, or in the familiar Pabst Blue Ribbon bottle, it's tops!

**33 fine brews
blended into
One Great
Beer...**

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shoot him. Well, that lad in the background has a mean look in his eye and looks to me like he is about to squeeze one off and shoot General Turnage in the "poop-deck." But then again it is only a press agent's picture and those birds do strange things.

Incidentally, the November issue was a "pip" and the staff rates congratulations on a job well done.

EDWARD G. ANDERSON.

3rd Bn, USMCR,
Brooklyn, New York.

(The photo from page 15 of the December LEATHERNECK was an official Marine Corps Public Relations Department release and carried no identifications. As for the "press agent's picture" of General Turnage on page 14 of the November issue, it was taken by a staff photographer and as the caption states, the boots were only snapping in.—Ed.)

SIRS:

The photo on page 26 of the November issue was taken at the Round House at Vera Cruz, Mexico, sometime in June, 1914. The identification reads from left to right: Captain Freddie Delano, Sgt. Maj. Quick, Lt. Col. Wendell C. Neville, General LeJeune, Maj. Smedley D. Butler.

CAPT. CHARLES C. GORDON.

9th Regt., Commanding,
Camp Wm. F. Clark,
Fairfax, Calif.

(Right—Ed.)

FOR THE RECORD

SIRS:

In your November issue of THE LEATHERNECK, you have made a mistake which we in "B" Battery would like to correct.

You said in your article about the "Battle of Midway" on December 7 that it was "A" Battery that opened fire with the five-inch guns. If you will look through the records you will find it was "B" Battery instead.

We boys would appreciate it if you c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

(Apparently "B" - Batteryman Sergeant Ellis is referring to the account of the Midway battle on page A-12 of the November issue. If so, we and the writer, StSgt. Larry Hays of the San Diego Public Relations Office, stand corrected.—Ed.)

OLDEST PFC?

SIRS:

I wonder if I am holding the oldest

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber



So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

THE Leatherneck

THE MARINE BARRACKS • EIGHTH AND EYE S. E. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



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THE COVER:

THIS STARTLING study of a U. S. Marine in "black face" was made by Sarra, Inc., New York photographer.

appointment as Private First Class in the Marine Corps. Mine is dated May 11, 1939.

PFC. LAWRENCE R. KOPET.

N.O.B., M.B.
Sitka, Alaska.

(Any takers?—Ed.)

SIRS:

It was not without amusement that I read in the November issue of your ignorance of the two Japanese ideographs displayed on letters originating in the Solomons. If you referred to your dictionary it is little short of amazing that you missed encountering the Kanji in question.

I elucidate:

海軍

KAI: Sea
ocean, large body
of water.

GUN: Army
military forces
phalanx.

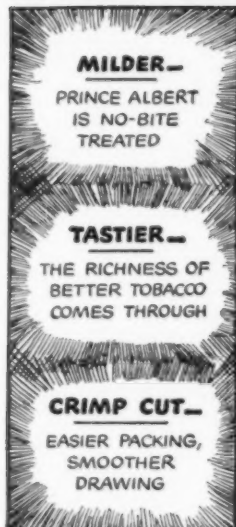
Hence, the combination denotes sea army, or navy. Kai-hei (sea-soldier) is used colloquially to denote U. S. Marines, the Japanese equivalent of our Marines being Naval Landing Force.

SGT ROBERT B. JONES.

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

(Thanks, and excuse ignorance of Nip language.—Ed.)

LIGHTING THE WAY TO VICTORY



I ENLISTED WITH 'MAKIN'S' JOY FROM THE FIRST PUFF OF **RICH-TASTING, NO-BITE** PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S MY BUDDY FOR QUICK, EASY ROLLIN', TOO!

PRINCE ALBERT

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70
fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

50
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

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Winston-Salem,
N. C.

GOOD JAPS



GOOD JAPS are dead Japs. These were killed on Guadalcanal in Battle of Tenau River by Marines.



42ND AND — a company street on wild Guadalcanal.



MEDAL FOR Marine Sergeant from Admiral Nimitz.



BEARDED TANKMAN does his stuff just before the big one goes on a Jap hunt in the Solomons jungle.

UNSUNG MEMBER of vital ground crew checks over the power plant of a plane at airport on Guadalcanal.



MAIL CALL is a happy one. Salty Gyrenes play postman. The office is torrid, but the mail must go through.

HORSES STOLEN and then abandoned by Japs were taken over by the Yanks and used for "courier service".



MARINE BATTLEPIECE, this 75mm howitzer blasted Japs' positions.



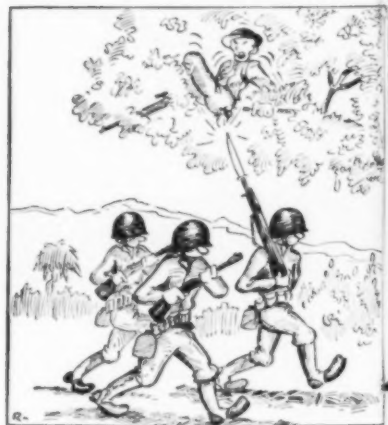
THREE ENEMY soldiers who attempted to infiltrate the Yankee lines.



HUSKY MARINE poses with fieldpiece captured from the Nipponese.



OLD GLORY rippled in breeze when the isle fell to Marines.



Adventures of Captain Carl

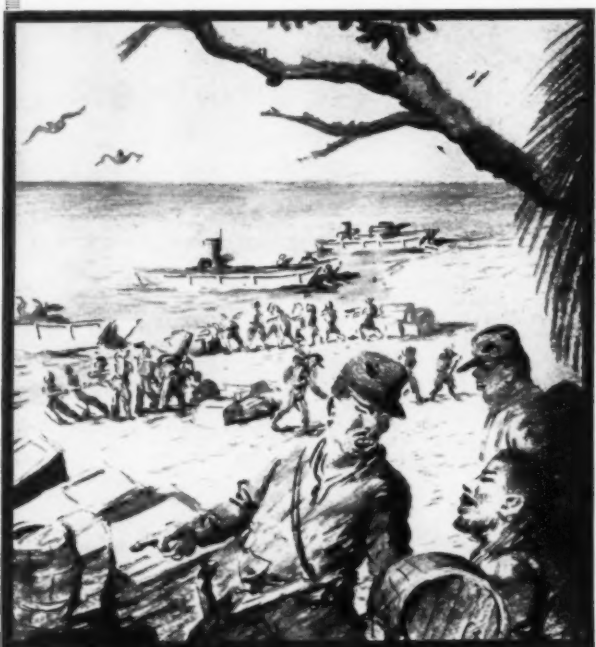
ONE DAY last Autumn the Marine flyers of Major John Smith's fighter squadron on Guadalcanal were particularly sad. For one of the most popular members, Captain Marion Carl, had been shot down. The Marines thought they'd never see Carl again. He returned after five dangerous days.



CARL WAS making a pass at a Jap bomber when a Zero blasted his plane. His craft started flaming. Carl promptly bailed out. He landed three miles out at sea and about 23 miles from Henderson Field.



THE AMERICAN flyer had on a life jacket. He floated for several hours. There were Japs on shore and he was afraid to swim in, at first. A friendly Solomon Islands native in a canoe rescued him.



CARL SPENT the night in a native doctor's hut. The next day he started to hike down the coast to Henderson Field. But hundreds of Japs were landing on shore. He watched them from the jungle.



THE DOCTOR had an old motorboat. Carl spent two days repairing it. He left one morning about 3 a.m., putt-putted by the Jap encampments, reached Henderson Field at 10 o'clock the next morning.



HASHIMOTO DREW his saber, whacked a kneeling mechanic.

The Life of Third Lieutenant Hashimoto

Words and Pictures by Pat Denman

THIRD Lieutenant Hashimoto wagged the wings as his plane neared the field. The ground crewmen raced to meet him. Although the third lieutenant had been compelled to cut the throat of a lazy mechanic two nights before, Hashimoto was popular with his men. That waggle of the wings signified another victory for the Ring-tailed Monkey Squadron. And the crewmen knew that the amiable squadron leader might let them have a saki shindig that evening.

The Zero was taxiing now.

"Ah, we are fortunate," said one of the mechanics, "we shall get a closeup of the Great Winged One. I shall tell my children's children of this day." Like all of the other members of the ground crew, the mechanic got on his knees and watched, with his chin in the dust, while Hashimoto crawled from the plane.

The third lieutenant smiled and his

teeth protruded several inches below his lower lip. He drew his saber and whacked a kneeling mechanic. Hashimoto was very happy. As he drubbed the prostrate men with his sword, his thoughts drifted back to his happy childhood days.

As a boy of only 10, Hashimoto had won a prize for placing the most ouchi-ouchi thorns in his teacher's obi. After this, the handsome, squirrel-toothed lad had been marked for success by his elders.

There were slants in Hashimoto's proud glance as he thought of his record since he had become leader of the Ring-tailed Monkey Squadron.

When he won that prize as a school-boy, he had crept into his teacher's bedroom one dark night and hidden under a rug for several minutes. Then he had placed the thorns, one by one, in the obi. As a fighter pilot, Hashimoto retained all of his caution. He never attacked a single enemy plane unless he had a full escort, usually nine, of Zeros. Although squadron leader, he directed aerial battles from the rear of the echelon, a more advantageous position. From this place he could watch until an opposing craft became disabled and then he could sweep in for the kill.

Hashimoto was now a Japanese ace for he was credited officially with 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ enemy planes (if you wanted to get technical, Hashy was also an American Ace for he had ruined five Zeros during his training).

"Permit this Miserable Person to ask the Great Winged One a question?" said



LITTLE HASHY placed the most thorns in teacher's obi.



THE THIRD lieutenant was awarded the Order of the Yellow Kite.

Hashimoto, as squadron leader, could *not* safely take credit for more than $3\frac{3}{8}$'s of a plane.

Brooding, Hashimoto walked back toward the air field. He thought, fleetingly, of hari-kari (not Harry Carey, the motion picture actor). He said aloud:

"No. I will not kill honorable self. Hashimoto has too much to live for. I am handsome, smart and have swell girl friend (though she has slight concussion). No, Hashimoto will *not* kill honorable self."

As a defiant gesture, he resolved to make a raid on Henderson Field at Guadalcanal with an escort of only three fighter planes.

When my tally reaches $6\frac{3}{8}$, people will quit asking embarrassing questions," said Hashimoto, to himself.

The following day, Hashimoto drank a demijohn of saki and then took off with three picked flyers. As right wingman he chose his best friend, Fifth Lieutenant Suki-Yaki. First in the flight was Fourth Lieutenant Richi-Richi, and as left wingman he picked an enlisted aviator, Superior Private Skivvi-Skivvi. Squadron Leader Hashimoto brought up the rear.

Near Guadalcanal, the four Nipponese

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Hashimoto's girl friend, Miss Necki-Necki. The intrepid flyer had called that night at the Necki-Necki residence on Fish Head Lane.

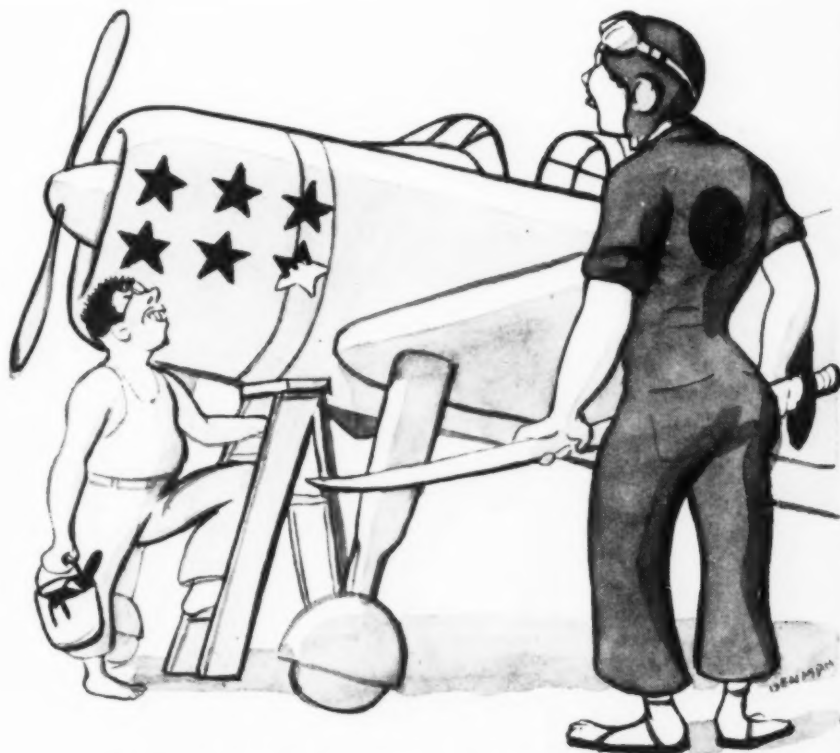
"Permission granted," said Hashimoto, picking his teeth with a large splinter. Miss Necki-Necki was chopping a load of wood when her lover arrived. And the third lieutenant graciously held the lantern while the girl worked.

Hashimoto drew his saber and whacked Miss Necki-Necki affectionately.

"Why, oh No. 1 Boy Friend," asked the girl, "does *not* your record read in round numbers like that of Fourth Lieutenant Hamataka? How does it happen that you are credited with $5\frac{3}{8}$'s planes? Have the starving American weaklings reached the point where they fly only part of a plane?"

To cover his confusion, Hashimoto picked up a heavy cherry branch and, gently, beat the girl until she was unconscious.

This $3\frac{3}{8}$'s business was a sore point with the fun-loving squadron leader. On a certain day, Hashimoto had a convoy of 19 planes when his squadron attacked a single Grumman Wildcat. At last the Grumman was shot down (or, at least, compelled to return to its base) and



HASHIMOTO WAS credited, officially, with $5\frac{3}{8}$ enemy planes.



BY JEREMIAH A. O'LEARY, JR.

THIS is the story of an expedition by seven United States Marines more than 300 miles into the interior of primitive British Guiana, into a land of impassable jungles, of blood-thirsty vampire bats, into a veritable kingdom of butterflies, of naked aboriginal Indians who carry blow-guns and poisoned darts, and the wonder of the greatest waterfall in the Western Hemisphere, Kaieteur.

Six days passed before these men—of whom the writer was one—returned to their base at Bartica on the Essequibo River, unshaven, tattered, dirty and hungry, but happy in their achievement. The trip, while not an official expedition, had the sanction of the commanding officer of the Marine Detachment.

The seven of us who started at reveille

on a Sunday were Platoon Sergeant Edward J. Rader, Easton, Pa.; Mess Sergeant Maurice F. Dwyer, Chicago; Sergeant Kelly L. Metcalf, Richard City, Tenn.; Corporal Kell D. Anderson, Okeechobee, Fla.; Corporal William D. King, Long Island, N. Y.; Private First Class Jack E. Foutz, Blackstock, S. C., and the writer, a native of Washington, D. C.

There is an acute food shortage in British Guiana, and we knew there would be no food obtainable in the bush, as the inland jungle is called; so we were compelled to carry all our food with us. This we did in two sea bags filled to the brim with canned goods, mostly beans. We also took seven cots and a like number of mosquito nets; rifles, pistols, bayonets, canteens, a first aid kit, rubber ponchos, an outboard motor and two milk cans filled with gasoline for the boats we had arranged to use.

We left the base at sun-up. Dressed in old khaki, campaign hats, and boondockers—or field shoes—we piled our dunnage into a 30-foot river boat and shoved off. In 45 minutes we had crossed the choppy Essequibo and landed at Bartica, an old mining town which is the last outpost of civilization until Manaos in the center of Brazil's "Green Hell."

In Bartica we met Jones, a young negro who was to be our man Friday for the next 108 miles. Jones had a lorry into which he piled our equipment as we climbed into the rear to find seven seats—improvised from old cracker boxes. None of the seven of us had the least idea of how to get where we were going, how long it would take or exactly what conditions we would meet wherever we might stop.

Jones paused only long enough to let Sergeant Rader take a picture of us in

front of a sign in Bartica which read "The Rising Sun—Novelties and Supplies," before letting out his clutch and starting a series of jolts that lasted for the next hundred miles. The road, if it could be called such, consisted of two narrow wheel tracks. The jungle had crept in so close that we were continually ducking the outspread branches of trees. Foutz, in particular, got a bad scratching.

We passed through valuable timber—greenheart and mora, silverbally and cabinetwoods. We saw great trees struggling for life against each other under their draperies of exotic orchids, lianas and vines.

It was 3 in the afternoon before we arrived at Garraway Stream, a so-called settlement consisting of two wooden shacks along the Potaro River 100 miles out of Bartica.

The postmaster, British government agent, sheriff and what-have-you of Garraway Stream was a 52-year-old Negro named Rock. He offered the seven of us, dirty and sore in every joint, hospitality for the night and we accepted, grateful for the chance to pile out of that merciless lorry.

The day was unbearably hot—as usual. We took one glance at the river and informed Mr. Rock we were going for a swim.

"That be awright," he said in the peculiar half-British accent of this region, "but look out for fishes. She bite you." "What fishes?"



LOFTY PERCH offers precarious footing for Cpl. King above Garraway stream in a scene which unintentionally shows the ever-vigilance of Marines stationed all over the world. Gyrenes get good training in Guiana "bush."

"Peraí fishes," he replied.

We informed Mr. Rock we had decided against the swim, after all.

The man-eating perai, most ravenous river fish in the world, is equipped with long, razor-sharp teeth. We had heard of them in our own Essequibo, but had discounted the danger this deep in the interior.

Mr. Rock—he seemed to appreciate the courteous innuendo of the "Mr."

proceeded to make us at home. Cots were set up in two empty rooms by all but Anderson and myself, who had decided to sleep on the small wooden porch. Sergeant Dwyer wanted to know if there were any mosquitoes in the vicinity.

"No mosquito," said Mr. Rock, "just bat."

"Bats! What bats?" we quavered.

"Vampire bat. She bite you," said Mr. Rock.

Although it was only six o'clock, the sun had dropped from the heavens and several kerosene lamps were burning in the house. When Mr. Rock pronounced "Vampire bats" as the eerie light from these lamps fell on his thick-lensed glasses, seven Marines lost a lot of their desire for sleep. Mr. Rock told us he had been bitten several times by the bats, which apparently were numerous in the Garraway Stream area.

The only way to keep off the bats at night, he said, was to burn a lamp over each cot and keep the netting tightly drawn. It was not even safe to touch a part of the body against the net in one's sleep, more especially the toes, because, as Mr. Rock put it, "them bat, she sit on you foot, bite you toe an' lap up the blood, an' she fan you with she wings to keep you sleep."

True enough, the bats started flitting through the house at great speed shortly after seven o'clock, becoming bolder as time went on. Anderson and I sat up until midnight. Finally, because we were exhausted, we crawled into our cots, taking our bayonets with us in the



GORGEOUS GORGE of the Potaro river viewed by Sgt. O'Leary and (right) Cpl. Anderson from the brink of Kaieteur after a long and hazardous climb from the camp site in canyon. Not many white men have been here.



JAM-PACKED BOAT was paddled by Marine and Indian alike when the outboard motor failed, but expert Sgt. Dwyer (center) spent time shooting birds.



JOURNEY'S CLIMAX was Kaieteur, the mighty falls, where the thundering, tumbling curtain of water dropped so far it offered a problem in photography.

strange notion that they would serve as an added measure of protection.

We survived the night without casualties, however, and our good humor was restored in the morning when King credited our safety to the loud snoring of Dwyer, who in truth is anything but a silent sleeper.

We were awakened by a loud clanging. Turning my sleepgrogged head to find the origin of the noise, I was greeted by the sight of Mr. Rock comically attired in a white chef's cap and a torn apron, battering furiously on an old frying pan, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Mess is serve!"

We learned later that Mr. Rock had served in a West Indian outfit of the British Army during World War I and had been in France. He was inordinately proud of this fact. In a kindly spirit of fun, we provided Mr. Rock with a broomstick and offered to drill him in modern Marine Corps style. Proud as a peacock, the old man went stiffly through the manual of arms, with

as serious a mein as any Marine could ever hope to see.

As we climbed aboard the lorry to start the second lap of our journey, we left him on the porch of his lonely home, standing stiffly at attention. He came to a wavering salute as we tooled off—a salute we returned with genuine spirit. Our hearts were full of gratitude to this man who had befriended us in a wild and alien land.

At Kanguruma, a one-building "town" eight miles further on, we contacted Jerry Bell, the Negro who was to guide our party from that time on. We hauled our duffle from the lorry and followed Bell down a steep hillside and suddenly found ourselves on the shore of a turgid brown stream. It was once again the Potaro. Pulled up on the shore were two boats, one half-filled with water, the other floating high and dry and covered with an awning. As we had rented our boat sight unseen from its owner in Bartica, we naturally did not recognize which of the two was ours—but we might have known.

"Your boat sunk boat. My boat she float. We use my boat," our guide declared with finality.

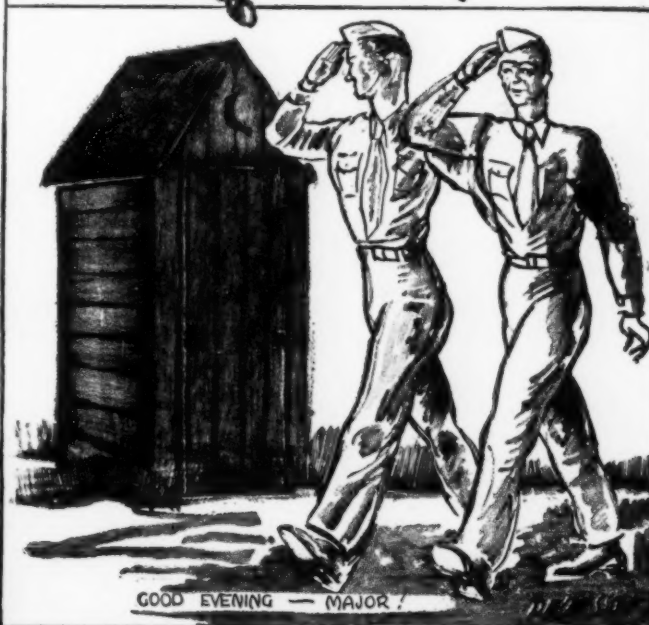
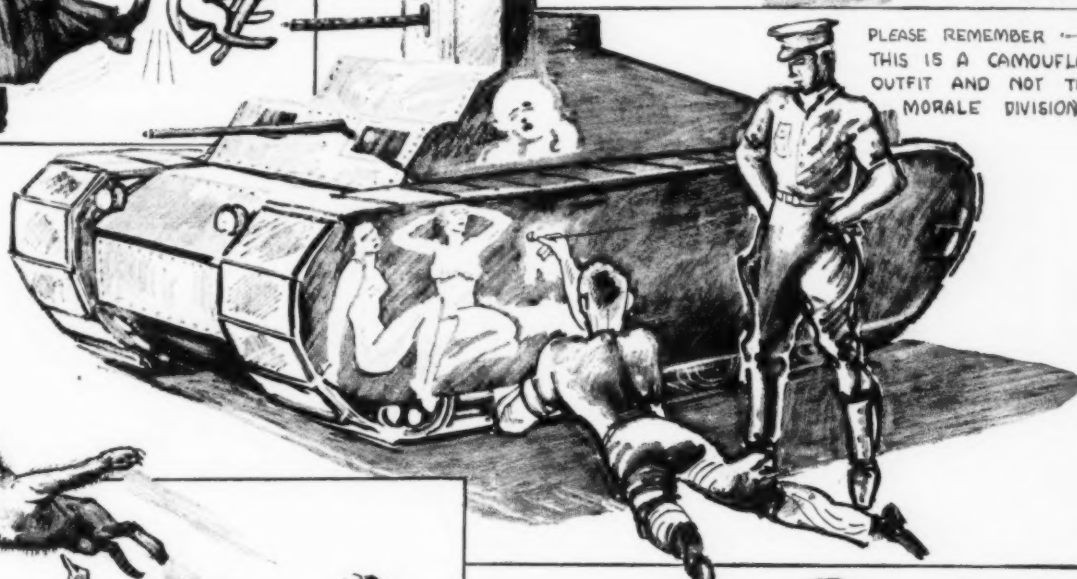
That started an argument that lasted nearly an hour. We had paid good money for that water-filled boat. We didn't want to pay twice. Eventually we compromised—we used Bell's boat but refused to rent his motor.

We tinkered until everyone was well nigh exhausted, and still the motor refused to turn over. Anderson, sweating profusely, gave up the struggle with a groan, and we consented to use Bell's motor—at an added expense—whereupon we commenced to move quickly, arriving at the first cataract at Amatuk before noon.

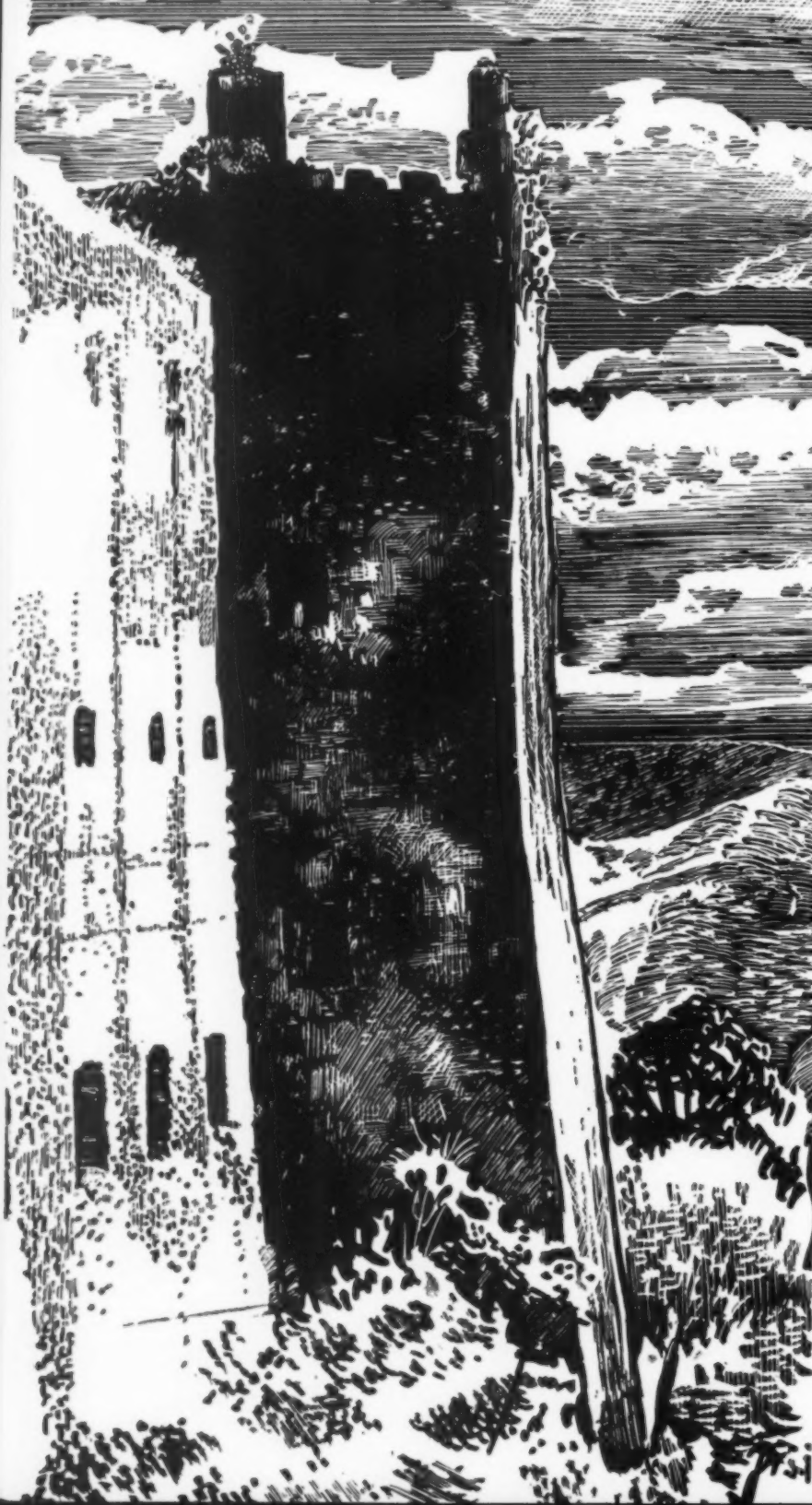
Amatuk consisted of nothing more than a raging stretch of foam and rocks, where we had a bad few minutes beaching the boat. After we had removed our gear, Bell pointed out a rocky path which led into the jungle and bade us portage it to the next smooth water, and

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CAMOUFLAGE!



A MARINE REMEMBERS HAITI



Stirring Events on Voodoo Isle

BY DRAKE SCOTTMAN

THEM damn gooks is up to some voodoo monkeyshines. No one had spoken but the words hung on the hot still air. Colonel Durman, U.S.M.C., leaned back from his desk, laid aside the official papers which had called up such vivid memories. Behind his closed eyes, a familiar tropical scene took shape. There was the splendid harbor of Port-au-Prince, which he had first seen as a second lieutenant on a June night in 1921. He could still remember the strange thrill of uneasiness and anticipation as he looked across the ruffled water at the beckoning lights of the city.

High up, higher even than the twin spires of the cathedral and the signal beacons of Fort National, flickering points of fire danced on the black mountain like voo-doo will-of-the-wisps.

A sailor paused to "shoot the breeze."

"I jumped ship in that town once," he said. "Had a little money then and took up with a yaller gal living in a damn little mud and straw shack on the side of them hills. Liquor was cheap, anyhow, and I sure swallowed plenty." He scratched his head and spat reflectively to leeward. "Might have been there yet if I'd kept my snoot out of that voodoo business."

"What do you mean?" Durman asked. "What happened?"

The sailor hesitated for a minute, then continued:

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one night. . . Kind of got under my skin. Made my woman take me to the shindig, just about where you see that fire there on the side of that peak."

"Know the name of it, or how high it is?" asked Durman. "One of my buddies said there was a mountain here that ran over 8,000 feet. Morne La Selle, I think he called it." The sailor glowered at the soft-spoken boot lieutenant.

"Huh? How would I know? I ain't no bloody dictionary."

"Skip it, sailor, I was just wondering. Let's hear the rest of your yarn. Smoke?"

"Don't care if I do. Look here! This is no yarn I'm spinning. It's God's honest truth." The sailor glared at him. "Got a match? Skipper give you this cigar? Yes? Well, he can afford 'em. The So-and-So is tight as a drum."

He puffed contentedly for a moment or two, then took up the thread of his story.

"Let's see now. Where was I? Yeah, I remember. Them voodoo drums was going strong. When me and the old woman hove in no one paid us no heed. Whole bunch was too busy watching one of them "mambo" priestesses whirling around. The old bitch had some kind of bloody guts wrapped around her neck, guess she got 'em from a tore up goat that was laying there. I grabbed me a bottle of that native rum I seen on a kind of altar like and took me a helluva big swig. Must have knocked me out."

"Last thing I remember was them pounding drums."

"When I come to, something else was pounding—it was my blinking head. I seen that I was spread out on some planks, some kind of an old wooden door like. Lighted candles was all around me. Gave me a nasty shock—it did. No one was in sight, not even my old woman. I got to hell out of there—quick. Kept right on going, too. Caught me the first ship I could. Aint never put foot there again. Don't want to. Mind your step, lieutenant, even Marines don't go fooling around them gooks when they gets on this voodoo stuff."

The sailor's yarn of 21 years ago should have warned him, Col. Durman reflected as he looked again at the papers with their ribbons and seals of state: "March 28, 1942—in order to assist the Government of Haiti to defend its own territory and to participate in the defense of the Hemisphere, the Government of the United States through its appropriate military and naval agencies is taking steps—to station vessels suit-

able for coast guard and patrol purposes in Haitian waters—to make available a number of units of coast artillery—to make available a number of military aircraft with mechanics and instructors. . ."

When he arrived in Haiti, the Marine Corps occupation had been in force for six years. Constant revolution, shaky financial deals, suspicious activities by German agents—these had threatened the lives and property of American citizens. The President of Haiti, Guillaume Sam, besieged in his own palace, had escaped to the adjoining French Legation. A mob had violated this Legation, seized the President and literally torn him to pieces. His head had been cut off and paraded through town on the end of a pole. Uncle Sam and his Marines were obliged to take over.

OLDTIMERS had plenty to tell Lieutenant Durman about those feverish days of 1915-21. There was little real opposition to the landing of the Marines. But peace was not easily established. Haiti was over-run with organized bands of Cacos, bandits who got their name from the Taco bird (which lives chiefly on lizards). Government "big shots" were called zondolites or lizards. And the Cacos "lived off them." The highest bidder always got the services of these Caco birds of prey.

The Leathernecks had plenty of trouble with the Caco in Haiti. The Cacos' weapons were crude enough but deadly; at close range the bullet from a rusty old musket or rifle could knock off a man as effectively as a Springfield. Every Caco was born with a machette in his

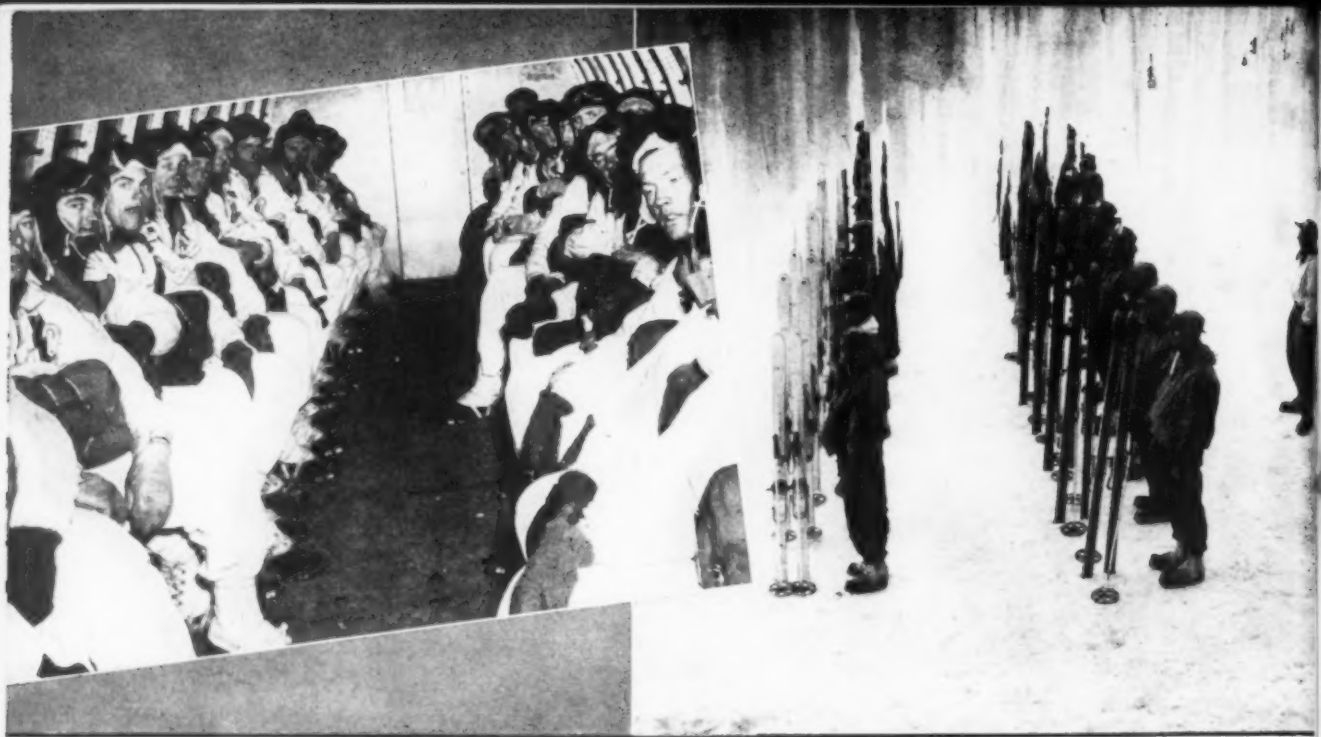
hand—a wicked blade used in splitting open a coconut, or a human head. Old French bayonets two-feet long, cutlasses, butcher knives—the Caco yielded them all with skill and ferocity. He had another cruel and subtle weapon of death—poison. At least one Marine officer learned through days of twisting agony that it was wise to test all chow before eating. Nor could one trust the water in any spring or well. Courage the Caco had in plenty, especially when inflamed with alcohol or aroused by some voodoo priest or Bocor. Each man, too, wore a ouanga or charm against death, and believed in its power to turn aside bullets or cold steel.

The Cacos had the jump on the Marines in their knowledge of terrain. Communication in Haiti was limited to a few roads—easily turned into death traps! There were almost no telegraph or telephones. But the Cacos did not need roads, and they had worked out their own methods of signaling. The conical drums of voodoo rites—hollowed logs, one end covered with hide—were used to beat out messages; conch shells (lambis) blown like trumpets sent their echoing calls to the remotest valleys.

The first clean-up campaign against these raiding bandits had brought some peace to Haiti at the end of the year 1915. In early 1916 the Marines formed a constabulary detachment of Haitians known as the Gendarmerie (later the Garde). Leatherneck non-coms and a few commissioned officers took over the command of this outfit and turned it

(Turn to page 64)





CABIN IN THE SKY occupied by U. S. para-ski soldiers on training flight in the Utah snow country. It's just like all parachute jumping, except with skis.

ORDER, ARMS! Pardon, skis. Troopers stand rigid in frigid weather receiving orders. Many had never seen snow. Instructors soon made them like it.



Troops on Skis

HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS, deep in the snow, U. S. fighting men are learning to meet the enemy, and whip him, in sub zero temperatures. Snow and ice offer formidable barriers for men who are inexperienced and ill-equipped to battle in this type of specialized warfare. By the same token, troops versed in combating the elements as well as the foe have the upper hand.

That was why the war department created schools in various snow sections of the country and why the U. S. is turning out innumerable para-ski troopers today.

The training program is comparatively long and particularly rigorous. Parachute jumping is just one phase of the instruction, but it is a hazardous feat when performed in the ski-school fashion. Infantry and artillery combat, utilizing many types of weapons, are part of the schedule—and all of this training war is carried out in weather that provides its own problems.

Oddly enough, some of the volunteers in the outfit had never seen anything but a picture of snow, while many others had never mastered the intricacies of skiing, tobogganing or even ice skating. Efficient instructors soon introduced the novices to all the mysteries and it wasn't long before the snow rookies were experts.

FLASHING FIGURE on the ice trail was Captain Arthur Gorham, company commander of the 503rd parachute battalion. He schooled men in skiing feats.

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HIGH ALTITUDE at Alta, Utah, U. S. para-ski troopers head for the top deck of a mountain to continue maneuvers. Tough going up, easy to get down.

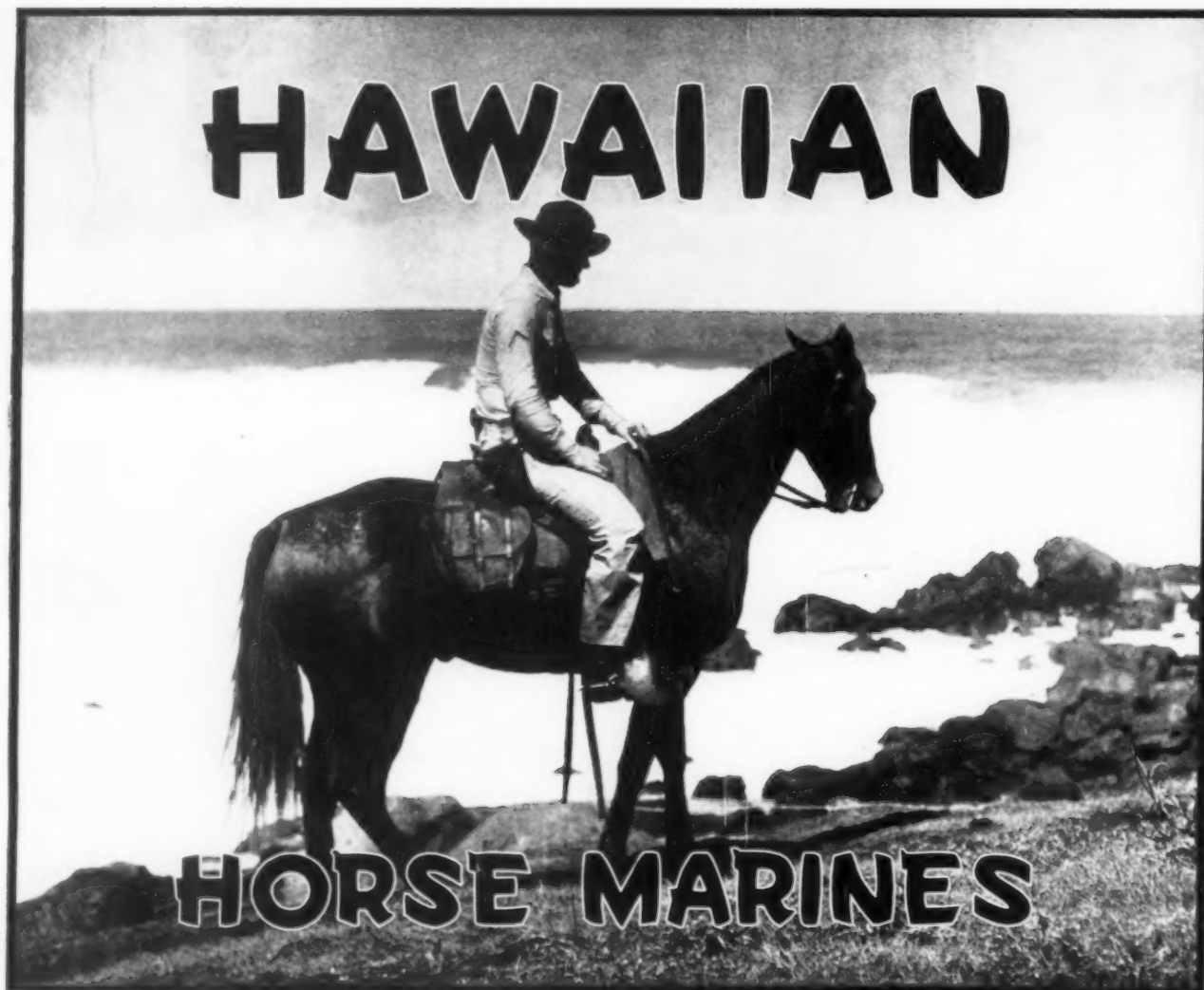
WHITE UNIFORMS in the snow make it hard to spot a para-ski-man from a distance. Here's one close up, in prone position. Could you sight him in at 500?



SLEIGH RIDE, but this time it's with a machine gun mounted on a toboggan. Troopers get a thrill, and a chill, in this training, and they learn to travel fast.

ADVANCE PATROL, (in circle), with a deadly type of anti-tank gun in position. It's a handy weapon for combat. What's more, it is an air cooled model.

HAWAIIAN



VER the rolling beaches of the Island of Oahu, famed for Hula girls and the crooning melodies of Hawaii, ride the Horse Marines.

But hold on there, Mac, before you put in for a transfer. You won't find the Hula dancers there today, shaking their skirts in the gentle evening breeze. And the strumming strains of the ukelele are but romantic memories. Besides, the sprawling white sandy beaches are cluttered from end to end with barbed wire.

War came to Hawaii, and with it more than a year ago the Horse Marines.

The detachment—25 men and 18 horses—comprises but a part of a considerably larger Marine garrison under the command of Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Donohoo, Jr., USMC, assigned to guard this great naval base.

Riding over the beaches, over the wave drenched lava terrain and through muddy flats, the outfit maintains a constant vigil over the ammunition magazine area of the naval air station here.



Native horses are used, most of them from the 260,000-acre Parker ranch on the island of Hawaii, and the job of breaking them to saddle and rein is no ordinary bronc-busting task. In addition to schooling them for riding, the horses must be taught control under shellfire, the incessant roar of war planes and similar disturbances strange to the equine ear.

Once trained, the animal is permanently assigned to a Marine who is charged with caring for his mount and equipment. Invariably, Marine and horse become inseparable.

Life with the Mounted Marines is rugged. Sentries and horses do eight hours' patrol duty every other day, half in the day time and half at night.

When not "standing watch," Marines

must groom their horses, clean stables and take care of saddles and other gear. In addition, Marines of the mounted detachment must carry off the usual military routine involving drill, cleaning of rifles and other weapons, policing of quarters and standing weekly inspection.

Leader of the Horse Marine unit is 26-year-old Platoon Sergeant Gordon Poling of Oklahoma City, a veteran horseman who grew up on a farm. Poling spent six years in the Army, most of it in the cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, before enlisting in the Marine Corps in January, 1940.

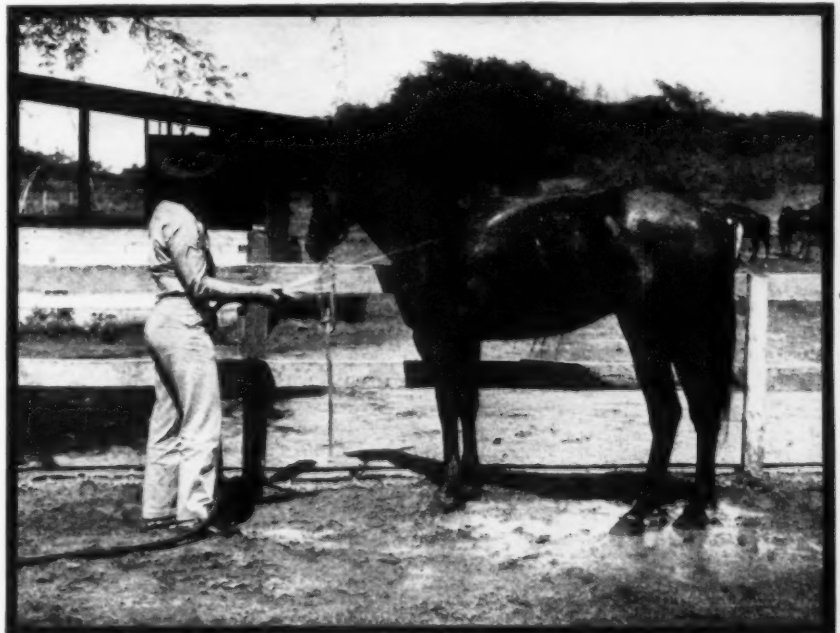
Most of the Marines assigned to the mounted detachment are experienced riders hailing from ranches and farms in Texas, Oregon, California, Montana and other mid-western and western states.

Typical are Private First Class Paul D. LeClair, raised on a ranch near Roundup, Montana, a one-time rodeo performer, and Private First Class Wayne A. Curry, who comes from Salem, Ore.

The Horse Marine unit is one of two on the island of Oahu. In all, less than a dozen such mounted detachments still remain to patrol naval ammunition depots too large to cover on foot, and over terrain too rough to be covered by a jeep.



IN CLASS: In this picture, Platoon Sergeant Gordon Poling is shown instructing Horse Marines stationed in Hawaii on the care of their mounts. Most of the horses are former cow ponies, imported from western U. S.



TIME FOR A BATH: Before turning his mount loose to graze, a member of the Horse Marines detachment on Oahu gives the animal a thorough wash and rub-down. The Gyrenes are permanently assigned to a mount.




More MARINE OFFICERS wear insignia bearing the H-H Trademark than of all other makes combined — there must be a good reason for this overwhelming preference.

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Dope on the Celebs

BY ROBERT H. MYERS

THERE is no doubt about it! The war is producing its own heroes to take the place of such idols as those built up in peace time in the wide field of sports.

For, say what you will, America's All-American selections today came from the farms, the white collarites, the factories—not from the muscle-and-torso heroes you used to read about on the sports pages of your hometown newspaper.

True, some of the recruited headline-grabbers held up well enough for recruiting purposes, and some performed brilliantly in strategically located cocktail saloons—some performed too well for their own good—but today is another day.

The lads who have moved firmly and squarely into the nation's heart are those unsung reliables of normal years who

probably never did anything more exciting than operate a lathe, punch an adding machine or crack old plowhorse Betsy over the fanny with a loose rein.

They are the guys who are behind the business end of rifle, or riding hell-for-lelection in the guts of a steamy tank or crouching in the belly of a bomber. They are the guys who are fighting and winning a war, and the guys who are the real champions today.

These guys are you . . . and you . . . and you, out on the battle fronts of the world. And never forget or doubt for one split moment that no matter what happens on the synthetic fields of victory here at home . . . whether Joe Dokes pitches a no-hit game and wins the pennant, Luke McGonigle scores the deciding touchdown and captures the Wash Bowl battle in the final minute, or Henry Sparerib sinks an 85-foot putt on the 13th green to cinch the National . . . no matter what they do, the achieve-

(Turn to page 67)

Interviews

THREE times and out." That grim prophesy doesn't mean a thing to Major Robert E. Galer, USMC, 29, of Seattle, Wash., who returned to the States recently after two months of aerial combat at Guadalcanal.

For Major Galer, a Washington University graduate, was shot down three times, and is ready for more.

All of which makes it a lop-sided deal for the Japs because Galer is credited with downing six Zeros and seven bombers.

"I remember one of those bombers in particular," said the flyer. "I saw it coming and dove at it, executing what we call an 'over-head pass.' It burst into flames and dropped into the water.

"But a Zero had me 'bore-sighted,' and riddled my fighter. I knew I'd be forced to land, but I wanted to even the thing up first. So I headed into a cloud, and instead of coming out below as the Jap expected, I came out on top and let him have it. Then we both fell—but he was in flames. I made a forced landing on a field."

The second time Galer was downed, he was returning from an interceptor flight and encountered Jap planes. He knocked down one bomber but as he pulled out of the dive a Jap Zero hit his engine, setting it afire.

"I was several thousand feet in the

air and above water," Major Galer explained. "The fire was eating around my cowlings. So I turned the plane on its back, and dove for clouds far below me. As I leveled off at about 2000 feet I changed my angle of flight, and hit the water nearly 300 yards from shore. I swam in, unhurt."

But Galer had a longer swim the third time he was hit.

"I heard several Jap bullets hit my ship," he said, "but none found a vital spot. Then another Marine flyer and I climbed into a group of seven Zeros hovering above us.

"I got two, and the other Marine dropped one. But the remaining four gave us hell. My ship was raked from wingtip to wingtip. I got a real hotfoot when the rudder-bar was shot under my foot. The cockpit was so perforated it's a miracle that I escaped. Rivets from the pedal were driven into my leg by the blast.

"I pancaked into the water. This time it took me an hour-and-a-half to reach shore. And there was plenty to worry about during this swim: capture, man-eating sharks, and poisonous stingrays—tide turning. But I made it."

Galer encountered natives on shore, and they helped him reach his base.

Asked about the sensations of a pilot in combat, this veteran of Pearl Harbor and Wake Island action explained, "I think it's a combination of everything. You're hot and cold at the same time—just plain scared, I guess."

THERE are some laughs, too, in this grim business of war. Major Galer related this incident which occurred while he and other flyers were swapping yarns late one night at Guadalcanal.

"We were attired in pajamas, and someone was in the middle of a story. Suddenly the whine of shells and the boom of heavy guns told us to get the hell out of there—but fast.

"To a man we hit for the dugout on the edge of the field. And 'Smitty' (Major John L. Smith, of Lexington, Okla.) got there just as fast as any of us.

"After the shelling subsided, we returned to our chinfest. A little later someone noticed 'Smitty's' absence. Looking about outside the tent, we called, 'Smitty, Smitty—where are you, old man?'

"At first we could hear no answer, then his faint voice carried over the field in the direction of the dugout: 'Here I am, damn it, and somebody bring my slippers—I can't walk over these sharp stones in my bare feet!'

"Well—it certainly hadn't bothered him on the way out there!"—BART COPELAND.

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Gyrene

GYNGLES

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Harry Torgerson, famed Paratrooper officer, read this poem to his men before they landed on Tulagi in the Solomons Islands invasion last August.)

'Twas the Night Before D-Day

'Twas the night before D-Day, and all through the craft,
Not a creature was sleeping—Not one of them laughed,
The life belts were carefully hung by each bunk
To be ready at hand just in case they were sunk.

The staff members planned as they lay in their beds—
As visions of Purple Hearts danced through their heads,
The Congressional Medal, the rare DSC,
And all of those things which should theirs rightly be.

When out of the darkness there came such a blast
That everyone feared that this hour was his last,
Then also arose in the skies a low whine—
(And it certainly looked like the end of the line).

The Marines spewed from hatches, the ports let out light,
The Emergency Signal rang loud in the night,
All the sentries were trampled in this mad melee,
While the Skipper screamed out for the Officer of the Day.

The Convoy broke up like a covey of quail,
Each ship having many planes hot on her tail,
Eventually one of our boys got the word,
And distinctly the roar of our own planes was heard.

Up Grumman, up fighter and up SBD,
Up tracer up AP (loaded one out of three),
Down Zero, down bomber, down Mitsubishi,
Down buck teeth (so solly) in flaming debris.

'Twas all very confusing—it's normally so—
And none of the troops would go back below.
Instead, they were adding, with shouts and with whistles,
Their fires from Reising Guns, rifles, and pistols.

As usual the officers were milling around,
When wanted, not one of them ever was found.
When the skipper was asked for his further directions
He demanded immediate troop space inspections.

The smoke cleared away and the guns were secured,
When the Boatswain's Mate started out passing the word.
"Now hear this," he laughed, "this'll kill you, I know"—
"There's a torpedo coming and not very slow."

All hands aboard gasped and then took a quick stroll:
In the twilight there loomed up the guns of Rabaul!!
This was quite a dilemma, as I know, and you,
But it proved that the Corps was strictly SNAFU.

**MORAL: DON'T GO ON ANY EXPEDITIONS AND YOU
WON'T HIT THE WRONG BEACH.**

"THE U. S. MARINES"

When they see the "Globe and Anchor"
On your hat or service cap—
They're bound to recognize in you
A patriotic chap:
A lad who heard his country's call
When danger threatened nigh—
A Leatherneck who volunteered
To keep "Old Glory" high:



You're a member of a legion
That holds God and Freedom dear—
The pride of all America
A valiant volunteer:
You're a credit to your Nation
And the Corps feels mighty proud
To know the "Globe and Anchor"
Makes you stand out in the crowd.

Sgt. Timothy J. Riley.

(O-O-O)

THE GRAVES OF GAVUTU

They rise from the graves of Gavutu,
These ghosts of the shattered dead,
And they walk on the shores of Gavutu
With a bewildered, aimless tread.

They rise from the graves of Gavutu,
These souls of American men,
Who died on the shores of Gavutu
That others might live again.

They rise from the graves of Gavutu,
And face to a western land,
And the words the west wind carries
They do not understand.

For the wind brings word of bickering
And of the state of "civilian morale,"
While here on the shores of Gavutu
They died in a living hell.

And here on the shores of Gavutu
The ghost of a private speaks well,
"What do they mean, sarge," he asks,
"When they talk of 'civilian morale'?"

Sgt. Frank W. McCulloch.



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Scuttlebutt SPLASHES

HOW TO MEET TWO WOMEN

IT doesn't seem possible in these days of "Bring-'em-Back-Alive," but a couple of Marines actually wrote in to a local Lovelorn Column asking what the proper procedure was for meeting two girls without benefit of USO. The answer given doesn't matter much, but the question raised some interesting possibilities, and we sent our Inquiring Reporter to get the opinions of experts in various fields. Here, more or less, are the replies.

Robert Benchley—Harvard graduate, movie actor, master-tilter: "The introduction of opposite sexes is among the greatest problems of modern sociology. And as a member of one opposite sex, or man of the world, I know better than to make any positive statements relative to women. However, attempting a solution to the problem at hand, I would suggest that the means employed by these Marines to draw the attention and win the affection of the opposite sex (females) should be subtle but unmistakable. The casual disclosure of a five dollar bill, twirled from the pocket with a nonchalant air, is one of the most effective social entrees yet devised."

Sands Street Susie—seamstress: "Is he kiddin'?"

Emily Post — etiquette authority: "This is not a difficult procedure, but it takes a little patience and a little time. The best way to go about it is this: One of the men should try to 'pick up' one of the girls. If he is unsuccessful the first time, let him approach the other one who may not be so unapproachable. After the 'pick up,' the man should employ humorous conversation until he finds out what the girl's name is. He then tells her what his name is and leaves the room, or bus terminal, or wherever they are, beckoning the other

man to come along with him. The two Marines wait outside, and while the ladies are alone, the one who knows the name of one of the men tells the other woman. Before too much time has elapsed, the men return and the Marine who has made the acquaintance of one of the girls says 'Good evening.' She greets him and introduces her friend. The Marine bows slightly and shakes hands. He now knows both women and they, in a manner of speaking, are acquainted with him too. This leaves only one Marine who is still not acquainted with the young ladies, but by this time he should have said to himself the hell with them and gone away, which simplifies the situation no end."

Errol Flynn—swashbuckler: "What do they want to meet them for?"

Major Cato Strophe—military expert, field strategist: "Any offensive should be preceded by strong and efficient preparation. The attacking force should be sure of its supply of vital material, equipment and manpower. Once the zero hour is set and the signal is given, a squad column advance is advisable up to a point 50 paces from the objective. Here the advance party, or 'point,' should halt to reconnoiter, allowing five minutes for observation of the enemy's strength, equipment, and maneuverability. If conditions are judged favorable, the unit should then advance as skirmishers right and left, opening fire as soon as the target comes within range. The objective, once flanked on both sides, should be closed in upon, using the element of surprise in a quick pincers movement. Caught unawares, surrounded and outmanned, it should offer little active resistance."

Odette Simone—Miss New Caledonia of 1942: "I never have any trouble meeting Marines."



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GIST

OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

TRENDS

TUNISIAN TRAFFIC JAM snarls up forward march of United columns through hub-deep mud, winter desert rainstorms, heavy Axis strafing and artillery fire. Supplies for 150,000 men (three different nationalities, all types of specialist units), coming across thousands of ocean miles, hundreds of railroad, pose biggest organization problem in military history. United command is keeping things moving, despite stubborn Axis refusal to keep to the right.

SHORES OF TRIPOLI TAKE ANOTHER BEATING as Rommel jockeys desperately for position from which to hold off advancing British Eighth Army, mopping up coast with U. S. tanks, bombers, mobile artillery. Last stand behind Mareth Line, joined with defenders of Tunis and Bizerte, seems only out for trapped Desert Fox.

SHADOWS LENGTHEN OVER SUNNY ITALY with British bombers by night, American Liberators by day blasting Naples, Taranto, Turin. Epidemic of jitters hits dejected Dagos as their fleet fails to protect, Duce fails to lead. Only crack of Gestapo whip keeps this animal act in the ring.

SOVIET HAMMER AND SICKLE BOYS pound away at Nazi outposts, cut deep toward the heart of Rostov, Smolensk, Kharkov, Latvia in five-way offensive aimed at chopping Axis installations into kindling, starting heart-warming fire under Hitler's britches. Shivering Nazi troops, mostly shanghaied from Balkans, offer less and less resistance. But total collapse of Axis front here impossible; it will take all winter for Reds to mop up after gains already made.

MURDERERS' ROW OF UNITED AIR FORCES TEAM blasts out direct hits from Hitler's home plate (Munich) to Tojo's deep center field (Burma). Increasing flow of top-flight U. S. planes (now approaching 10,000 a month) guarantees Axis will never get to bat again. Steady pounding of European industrial centers, railroad junctions, supply ports and naval bases, keeps Hitler off-balance, unable to deliver full-strength punch, gives pattern for future tactics against Japan.

COPS AND ROBBERS IN THE PACIFIC still being played by Jap fleet, dwindling air forces. United "cops" clean up in New Guinea, get set for further drive in Solomons, keep weather-eye out for Jap attack massing somewhere in fortified islands. But thrice-beaten Jap navy "robbers" refuse to come out and play for keeps, stick to hit-and-run methods, find they have about run out of rules to break.

LIGHT COMES TO THE DARK CONTINENT with United forces moving in on all strategic centers from Dakar to Djibouti. Axis agents still at work among South African Dutch, Sahara tribesmen, "exploited" natives of interior. But United-Fighting French front created by death of Darlan offers powerful resistance to any Axis effort to swing Africa away from Allies. With rapid development of resources and transportation ahead, Africa looms as the continent of the future.

IT LOOKS LIKE A LONG HARD WINTER AT HOME. With millions in U. S. armed forces, millions more of fighting Allies to feed, whole nation goes on restricted diet, ration cards, becoming more valuable than easy money from high government pay. With most private cars laid up for the duration (no gas, no tires, no spare parts), train, bus, plane seats are almost impossible to get; most folks stick close to home and the job. Govt. restrictions force out small business men, grab most high school seniors and all college men. Housekeeping and luxury gadgets (irons, typewriters, radios, pots and pans) are harder to get than a high-grade blonde. Home was never like this.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

The \$8 Question: Where is the Japanese Navy?

Remember right after Pearl Harbor when they asked the same thing about our fleet? Japs are doubtless doing the same things now we did them: repairing, rebuilding, reorganizing at bases safe behind the Pacific front. Now they, too, have long supply lines to protect, convoys to organize,

must revise strategy to meet growing strength of thrice "annihilated" U. S. Navy. Latest figures show one-fifth of Nip warships already lost at Midway and Solomons. British battleships in Indian Ocean, U. S. bombers over Wake pose two new threats to thin-spread Jap fleet. With position exactly reversed from 1 year ago, look for Japs, as we did, to make mass hit and run attack on enemy outposts: New Guinea, New Hebrides, Solomons, Palmyra-Johnston. Best bet: Fiji-Samoa group.

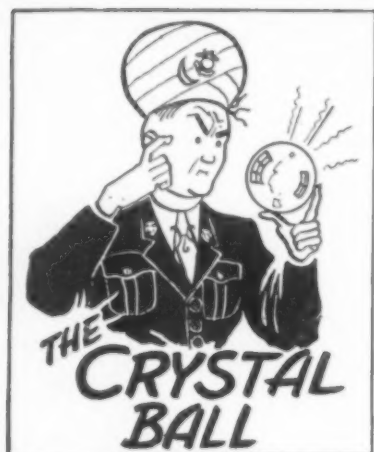


The \$16 Question: Is German Morale Crumbling Under Heavy Bombing?

Nazis do not know the whole news, but enough drifts in "between the lines," via underground "grapevine" and secret short-wave radio for them to realize something is rotten not only in Denmark, but all over Hitlerdom. Recent split in German High Command, involving top generals Halder, von Bock, shows Army itself is no longer solidly behind present war effort. But though many Nazis are secretly resigned to defeat—like Americans and British after Singapore—there is little slackening of war effort. Repeated heavy bombings only deepen their desperation, unite all factions in fighting back against Allies. Germany may be starved but not bombed into submission. And desire for revenge, fear of terrible reprisals by Nazi-enslaved Europeans, pride in Aryan superman's ability to take it as well as dish it out, will keep most Nazis in there pitching until umpire Hitler calls off the ball game.

The \$32 Question: How Will Rationing and Manpower Control Affect U. S. Morale?

Far-sighted military and industrial leaders, facing examples of England, Russia, Germany, have been crying for exactly this move for months. It could have been done right after Pearl Harbor with U. S. public ready to take anything to defeat Japs. But political doodling cooled off white-hot morale, smothered it with blueprints, got the driver's reins all tangled up with red tape. For months, Johnny Q. Public has wanted to know where to go, what to do, to be of most use in winning the war. Politicians hemmed and hawed until finally driven to action by alarming shortages of manpower in vital farm, factory, skilled labor fields. Far from upset by this loss of freedom of choice, Johnny Q. tightened his belt, signed on the dotted line, said grimly, "It's about time!"



Between dodging the censors and making the experts make sense, war news reporting today is at least 40 per cent guess-work. So far, GIST's Pvt. Swami has had a fair batting average, calling the turn on: 1—Jap failure to attack Australia or India, 2—U. S. Navy attack on Jap islands (Solomons), 3—Caribbean spy round-up, 4—Success of Navy blimp escort and convoy system, 5—Successful Russian stand at Stalingrad and Caucasus, 6—Failure of Dieppe raid and French Coast invasion throat, 7—Mediterranean "second front."

That was back in the days when GIST was a stop-press proposition, a last-minute insert less than a week before the magazine came out.

Now, new production schedule to meet a circulation which has jumped over 100,000 in recent months, requires GIST to go to press five weeks before most of you receive your Leathernecks. That means Pvt. Swami will have to get hotter than ever with that crystal ball. Matter of fact, to hold his job he ought to be on Admiral Leahy's personal staff of strategy-tracers.

Working under difficulties, then, Pvt. Swami comes up with following predictions for the five weeks ahead:

1—Stepped up German bombings of British military and industrial centers. The Nazis have been assembling a huge "pool" of planes, including many high-level bombers. Perhaps originally intended for trans-ocean bombing of U. S. East Coast, they will be used closer to home, try to break up British-U. S. bomber command before RAF "block-busters" pound Europe to a pulp.

2—New Japanese thrust at U. S.-Australia lifeline; probably in Samoa, Fiji, New Hebrides area, or possibly another desperate swipe at Guadalcanal. Jap planes and ships have withdrawn mysteriously, massing for action. Odds are against a direct attack on either British Indian Ocean fleet, Midway, or main South Pacific concentration. Success will depend on superior scouting—a field in which we have held the edge ever since Makassar Strait.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—

In honor of that far-sighted truth-teller and father of our current manpower problem, G. Washington, and for the benefit of all February graduates voted "Most Likely to Succeed," GIST presents, like it or not, a candid classification of the best and worst in the war news since Pearl Harbor:

Most successful offensive:
Japanese in Malaya & Dutch Indies.

Most successful defensive:
Russians at Stalingrad.

Biggest military flop:
Defense of Singapore.

Best kept military secret:
United invasion of N. Africa.

Biggest reversal of form:
Rommel's defeat in Egypt.

Most dramatic gestures:
Suicide of French fleet at Toulon; Doolittle raid on Tokyo.

Most effective new weapons:
B-17 Flying Fortress; mobile 105 howitzer.

Most over-rated military unit:
Japanese air force.

Most under-rated military unit:
U. S. battleships.

Best naval leader:
Halsey.

Best air general:
Chennault.

Best advance agent:
Clark.

Most publicized hero:
MacArthur.

Most unpublicized heroes:
Dutch-U. S. defenders of Java.

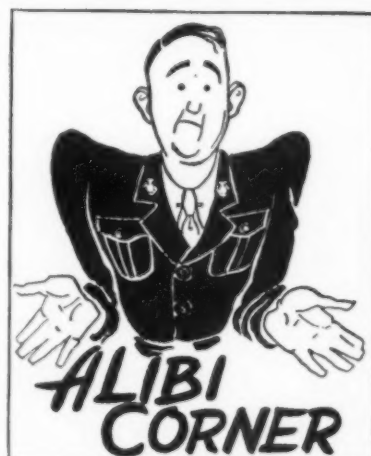
Most quickly forgotten hero:
Colin Kelly.

Marine-of-the-Year:
Barney Ross.

3—Russian successes slowed down for mop-up operations, ending in deadlock siege of such Nazi "hedgehog" strong points as Rzhev, Kharkov, Rostov. Gradual Nazi withdrawal from both Stalingrad and Caucasus. But Axis forces will not be on the run from Russia for several months yet.

4—Sneak visit by Churchill to confer with Roosevelt and Mme. Chiang on further war strategy, particularly regarding China, India, Burma.

You can check on Pvt. S. by radio and newspaper—but don't place any bets. Pvt. Swami's lease-lead with the spirit world may be just about up.



With this issue, GIST is one year old. For twelve months, we have tried to give you Maes the straight dope on the war situation, corralled from all outstanding information fields and branded with a Marine viewpoint.

Naturally, we were bound to pull some boners. The fan-dancing of both Axis and home-grown censors and propagandists has given us only partial glimpses of the naked truth. And all we can tell you is what we see in the papers.

There was the poison gas scare last June (which may yet be more than just a scare when Adolf gets desperate). There was—and still is—the Alaska situation, which turned out to be under control enough to stop the Japs at Kiska, if not enough to knock them flat on their base at Prattka. There is the Jap-Siberian border war, like a Yellowstone geyser, which fails to erupt while everybody stands around waiting. There can still be Nazi invasions of Spain, Turkey, Sweden and Syria, although they become less likely the longer Adolf stalls.

Those predictions we made out on a limb in July have come true about 50 per cent. Of course we didn't know then that the Doolittle raid was too costly to be repeated—but we see by the Jap papers that Flying Fortresses bombed Wake late in December. The Yanks haven't come to Norway yet, but the Commandos are striking at dawn there a lot oftener than the censors admit. The Axis hasn't used gas on a large scale lately, largely because it's dangerous at close quarters, ineffective at long range, and would lead to the toughest kind of tactics in reply. For same reason, they have laid off even a token bombing of our cities (after one Jap sub fired 4 shells and one Jap plane dropped a bomb, so the Tokyo newspapers could hold field day). And Rommel outsmarted himself in Egypt: covered the ground so fast he was too winded to deliver a Sunday punch.

See The Crystal Ball (Column Left) for latest predictions—and the Alibi Corner next month for why they didn't happen!

TUNISIAN TERRAIN—AXIS EXIT FROM AFRICAN SCENE



This map from "The Christian Science Monitor" gives the ups and downs of the tug-of-war arena in Tunisia, where U. S. soldiers and Nazi specialists in organized murder are at last coming to grips. Note the difficult terrain, requiring every type of specialized fighting: mountain gullies, salt marshes, desert plateaus, beachheads, palm groves. The Axis is entrenched along every range of hills, every stream bank, railroad, marsh path. Aircraft can fly over from Italy in twenty minutes; part of the French fleet lies in the Lake of Bizerte and the harbor of Tunis, its Axis-seized guns primed for action. As in Russia, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, every farmhouse, road junction, hill top, fruit orchard must be mopped up separately. No wonder it's slow going.

A "Newsweek" writer further describes the Tunisian out-country:

This is a country of camel and donkey paths, of decaying Roman aqueducts and triumphal arches, and the remains of once proud cities and towns; of brilliantly green, palm-studded oases, important military objectives through the centuries; of proud Arab tribes who refuse to bow to white man's rule and move back and forth freely through no man's land and the battle lines.

You alternately swelter every hour through blazing sunshine or slosh through driving rain and mud. The landscape is pocked with slit trenches, burned farmhouses, crashed aircraft, wrecked trucks on bombed roads, and ravaged tangerine orchards.

Franco-American group patrolling in this area is tricky, highly interesting work, known as "combat intelligence." It means grueling, all-night black-out truck driving over rutted mud tracks, down roadless gullies, up dangerous mountains, and fording half-dry rivers.

Patrols range ahead of the Allied "bomb line," which means that you are a target for your own aircraft if you get off the routes and schedules laid down with the Air Forces for protection. Then you never know when you are likely to bump smack into Axis movement from the opposite direction resulting in a lively and bitter engagement until one patrol or the other loses the field.



TRIPLE SQUEEZE ON TRIPOLI

Rommel is on the run, and where or when he will turn and make a stand against Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army (advancing slowly along the coast through mines, "booby-traps," gutted Axis installations) is anybody's guess. First good spot would be at Beuraat-el-Hsun (lower right corner of map) where salt marshes and road junction force pursuing army into narrow space, vulnerable to artillery, dive-bombers. Next likely place is Homs, end of railroad by which supplies can be rushed from Tripoli.

But Rommel is in such a hurry that he may abandon even his supply port of Tripoli, wreck the railroad to the air base of Zuara, and fall back behind the heavily fortified Little Maginot or Mareth Line. In that case, the ports of Sfax and Gabes would be his main supply depots, via coastal railroad.

Main struggle in Tunisia during January was for strip of land between Kairouan and the sea, United forces seeking to drive through and separate Rommel's Afrika Corps from Nehring's Tunisian die-hards. Axis was equally determined to keep two-way supply lane open.

Flanking threat to the Mareth Line is Fighting French force drawing up from interior of Africa. British units, having already trapped some of Rommel's slowest retreaters, may also push south through Dehibat, drive at Fort Saint, swing north to join AEF units based at Gafsa, stalled by salt marshes, flooded with winter rain, from driving through to Gabes.

In North Tunisia, heavy Axis artillery held back United forces from the Mateur-Medjez hills. But it was air and sea superiority which would eventually win the battle. Earliest indication of Allied success here was convoy which sailed from Gibraltar to Malta (past threatening Italian guns on Pantelleria, past land-based bomber patrols from Sicily) without being attacked—first time this had happened in two years. And only the French fleet's guns and shore batteries, and fear of shelling rapidly shifting United positions, kept British and U. S. battle-ships and cruisers from taking over the whole coast right away.

Meanwhile, across the vital "narrows" of the Mediterranean (Tunis to Sicily—120 miles), giant Junkers 4-motored bomber-transporters and glider planes rushed supplies and men to 40,000 Axis troops facing 150,000 United soldiers. It was almost a complete reversal of Bataan, although unlike MacArthur's heroes, the Tunisian Axis garrison rated reinforcements. But there were plenty of indications that they might be left out on a limb.

Hitler did not go all-out in defense of Tunisia. He kept back hundreds of planes in his European "pool," thousands of men along the French-Spanish border, the Balkan frontier, the Channel Invasion Coast. Axis operations in Tunisia were only a delaying action, aimed to break up United advance while Nazis dug deeper into Europe. The main event is still to come.

THAT RUSSIAN WINTER

The five-way Red offensive is essentially a strategic stranglehold aimed at choking off Nazi occupation forces by blocking supply lines, putting terrific pressure on nerve-centers such as Rzhev, Kharkov, Rostov, Smolensk. Russian re-occupation of Rostov would trap hundred thousand Nazis in Caucasus, leave them only one exit: via Black Sea, partially controlled by Russian fleet.

As in 1942, Old Man Winter is Russia's No. 1 Hero. Freezing over of Lake Ladoga means supplies can be brought in by ice-les to Leningrad, already cut off by rail for a year and a half. Freezing of Volga opens new fast supply route to Stalingrad. Supplies can be shifted much more easily over frozen Russian fields than through spring mud or autumn storms.

On the other hand, Axis troops facing them are poorly equipped for winter warfare. Supplies must be either flown in through blinding blizzards, or freighted over small-gauge Russian tracks, vulnerable to guerrillas at every mile. Hitler's scientists have yet to find an ersatz substitute for warm wool uniforms, stout leather boots. And the shanghaied Hungarians and Rumanians who are Hitler's boys out here would much rather be sitting home around the stove in the village stores.

But fighting is the Russians' favorite winter sport, and they are rolling down to Rostov like Olympic champions.

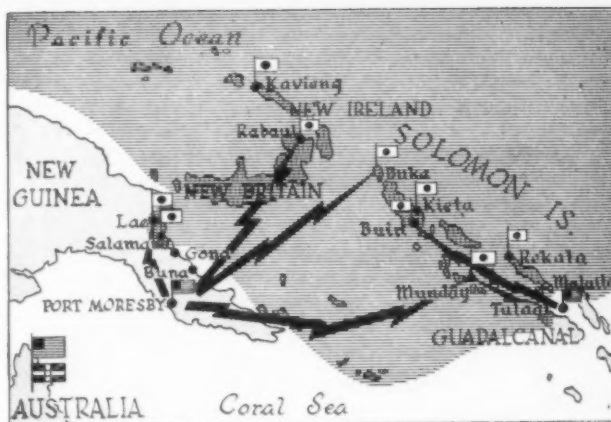


FLASHES FROM THE PACIFIC

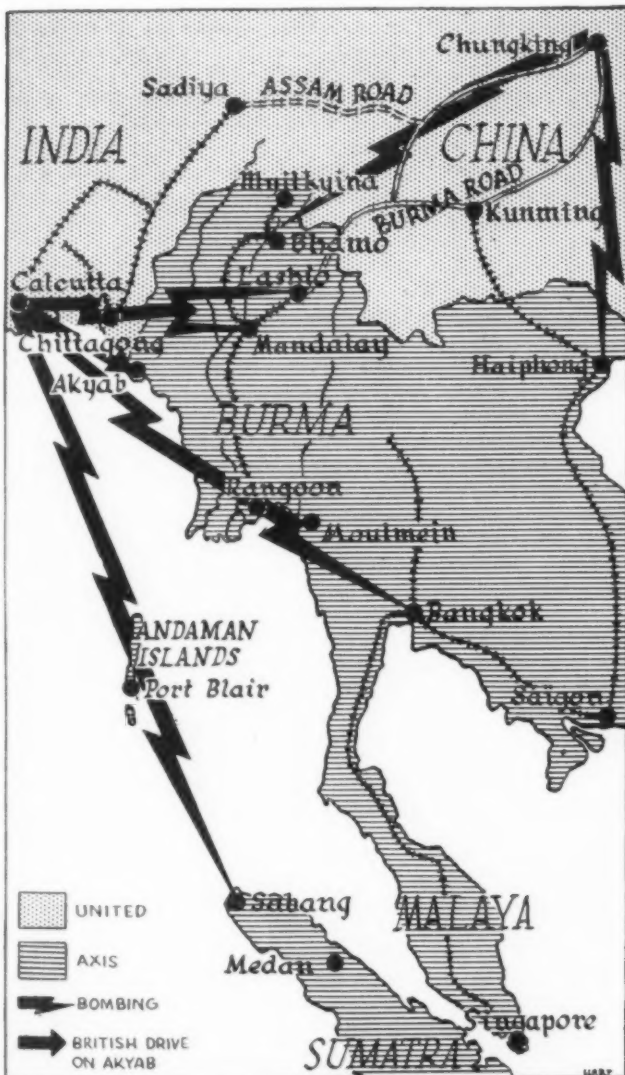
By this time, most Marine landing forces have been evacuated from Guadalcanal, relieved by Army, Seabee, Marine guard units. Original outfits were required to "hit and hold" over much longer period of time (5 months continuous action) than spearhead platoons are regularly expected to. But troops held up well, showed few signs of break in health, stamina, morale. Japs, on other hand, were found dying of starvation, either abandoned by supply units or ashamed to contact main depot after losing face in losing battles with USMC patrols. Story of Japs "death before surrender" proved myth; hundreds of prisoners were taken.

First Marines on Tulagi, Guadalcanal were withdrawn for rest, reorganization, getting set for next big landing blow. Probable target—Jap advance air base at Munda on New Georgia Island naval base at Rekata Bay, both bombed steadily during January, preventing organized counter-attack. New synchronized bombing schedule, clicking like clockwork, caught Japs between jaws of aerial nutcracker. Jap resistance slackened off, indicating plane and pilot shortage.

U. S. lull in bombing of Munda would herald new Marine landing party there, outsmart Japs a second time with trick of letting them almost complete airfield, then capturing it for immediate use by our planes.



Meanwhile, PT boats continue to raise hell with Jap destroyer units trying to reinforce Guadalcanal. Most action is joined in "Tin-Can Alley," narrow stretch between Cape Esperance and Savo Island, where great naval victory of early November was won. Nippon has shifted naval command here twice, acknowledged heavy losses (U. S. estimate—60,000 Japs drowned).



BOMBS OVER BURMA

A new sore-spot for the Axis developed late in December when after an eight months' lull on the Burma front, Gen. Wavell launched a coastal drive from Chittagong toward the Jap port of Akyab. At the same time, British carrier-based planes bombed Sabang in Sumatra, first Allied blow at the Japs here since last spring.

U. S. Army bombers roared again and again on long distance flights out of Calcutta and New Delhi, bombing supply centers at Rangoon, Bangkok, Mandalay, and Lashio, Jap-held terminal of the Burma Road. At the other end of this squeeze play, Chennault's bombing aces out of Chungking blasted Jap airfields at Myitkyina and Bhamo in North Burma.

Japs planning sneak attack of their own had stirred up daily riots in Indian cities, where natives still cry for independence; had bombed Calcutta, massed troops on Burma frontier. But Wavell-Morgan one-two caught them flat-footed.

And the pounding continues. Bomb squadrons move bases overnight, to keep Japs guessing; are supplied with on-the-dot dope on Jap movements by Chinese spies and guerrillas. Result: Jap supply lines, fuel ports, troop concentrations have taken terrific pasting, cost Japs at least 10,000 men at Sienning alone, stalled Tojo's plans for cracking down on China. But just stalling isn't enough; Japs must be driven out before they dig in too deep.

Greatly overlooked threat to Jap lines of empire is U. S. sub activity in China Sea which has accounted for 120 Jap ships in past 10 months, only 3 U. S. subs reported missing. But even stepped-up undersea-overhead blasting of Jap supply lines may prove too slow in long run.

Chief aim of new offensive is to reopen Burma Road, rush supplies to China, which is beginning to feel like the step-child of United Nations. After magnificent stands against continued fierce Jap attacks in North China, Chiang's war cabinet feels that it should be getting as much support as the Russians; points bitterly to United strategy of getting Hitler in 1943, Tojo in 1944. They say 1944 is too late; it's now or never.

In protest against U. S. attitude toward China, Chiang Kai-Shek is calling home his "military mission," coolly treated in Washington. In return he has sent us China's most attractive argument for all-out cooperation—his brilliant, beautiful wife. Mme. Chiang, guest at the White House, has declared she will not go home until the Burma Road is reopened.



NEW YEAR OVER THERE

With Christmas mail rolling in from two weeks to two months late, U. S. Marines, soldiers, fliers are set to play Santa Claus all year round to natives of world battle-fronts. Every U. S. service man in England volunteered part of his pay so that British children could rate gifts. (High U. S. service pay scale is still a source of friction here.) Marines in Guatemala, New Guinea, Guadalcanal made dolls, bracelets, dishes out of Jap scrap, local materials, leftover G. I., sent some home for souvenirs, swapped rest for genuine native goods.

In North Africa, troops were paid off in gold, to impress natives with U. S. wealth (coins were borrowed from Canada). Every 6th man here was given "barter kit" (contained beads, scissors, scarfs, perfume,

candy, cigarettes, sugar, tea, coffee) to be dished out as pay for native labor or to win other local support. Despite all this, situation between U. S. troops and No. African population is still tense in spots. Local boys expected invading Yanks to knock out Nazis immediately, hand out all kinds of free food, clothes, money. Failure of U. S. Santa Claus to wave magic wand has turned many against us, as has also thoughtless treatment of native ways, wines, women by overanxious Yanks.

Big problem looms all over the world: Can U. S. service men act to win respect and trust of native peoples for our country? What the heroes at the front are winning may be lost behind the lines by some Yaphank yardbird. Don't get them thinking Uncle Sam is a combination of Santa Claus, Shylock, and Casanova.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

INDIA—Dinner-pail diplomacy is part of every-day routine for Army Sgt. Leon Meyer, stationed at a lonely outpost in India. Recently the king of a headhunters' tribe wanted to draw up a treaty of alliance with President Roosevelt. Meyer talked him out of that with a big pig dinner. As a safety precaution, the Americans left before the king and his boys got too head-happy on rice beer.

Then the king wanted reassurance that the Americans wouldn't stay in his country forever after the war. Meyer whipped out some G. I. stationery, sat down and penned the following heartfelt treaty of peace:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
When the war's over
We will skidoo.

ALASKA—But the Army had less success in recent dealings with Alaska natives, particularly women. The Arctic set-up offers even fewer amusements than the tropics, and specialists' pay here is high, if you can stick out the weather. This combination had attracted a large number of female camp-followers from the West Coast, where amateur competition in the life of trade. Army authorities held a territorial clean-up, ordered all girls out by a certain day. For a week before, telephone poles, wood walls and buildings were plastered with handbills:

"You'd better hurry!! Hurry!!!"
Only 8 More Shopping Days
Last Chance—Exotic Bargains.

The girls left, and immediately the GC rate zoomed in all Alaska Army hospitals. Seems the native women weren't such bargains after all.

SOLOMONS—Tall story from Guadalcanal features a Marine who caught and tamed a wild parrot, taught it to shout: "Hello, Joe" at any Jap sniper. Worked fine for a while—parrot served as rangefinder for Marine counter-snipers, until rest of the jungle parrot brigade picked up the trick, began passing the word all over the island. Even Jap nerves must crack to hear a jungle full of Brooklyn accents echoing "Hello, Joe! . . . Hello, Joe!"

NORTH AFRICA—From an aircraft carrier under fire off North Africa comes the story of a gun crew which a near miss from Vichy shells knocked flat on the deck. It also knocked some temporary bridgework out of the teeth of a Navy gunner, veteran of Pacific engagements. He was fumbling around for his fillings when the non-com in charge barked down at him:

"What's the matter there?"

Gunner explained he was looking for his teeth.

"To hell with your teeth, and pass the ammunition," the sergeant barked. "Those aren't ham sandwiches they're dropping!"

FROM COAST TO COAST

MASSACHUSETTS—The shape of things to come is shown at the South Weymouth base, where 25 women have taken over the duties of the Marine guard company. It all began when some of the men complained it was too cold to stand guard. (Are you listening, Iceland and Alaska?)

Lt. Col. Chester Knowles, CO at the base, had heard women withstood cold better than men. So from local civil service lists, volunteers were requested. Marines taught the ladies to fire riot guns from the hip—they were surprisingly good shots at 200 yards (though tending to become confused at closer quarters). They can also man—or is it woman?—machine guns and anti-aircraft.

After all those years of being out in the cold with nothing but nylons, silk dresses, and an old mink coat, this new duty of holding up men and wearing snappy blue ski suits is plenty appealing to the f-f-fs. Guard duty Marines better start reading your "Jungle Warfare" manual!

HOLLYWOOD—In a local night club, a soldier spotted a high priority blonde walking alone toward the door, and made the well-known opening play. The girl brushed him off, with icicles. The persistent dog-face wise-cracked: "I know you. You're the girl who hasn't sued Errol Flynn yet." . . . "That's where you're wrong," said the gorgeous one, with a faint French accent—and left. He found out later she was Lili Damita, the former Mrs. Flynn.

WASHINGTON—More handwriting on the wall for swivel-chair sailors! The first contingent of WAVES has already taken over some 400 jobs, releasing men for active duty. Sec. Knox's policy is to get all physically qualified and expendable young officers and men out of the office and into the trenches come Spring.

SPARS are taking over for the Coast Guard, too, moving one luckless yeoman to moon:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little SPAR
I don't wonder what you are.
You have come to take my job,"
Said the pencil-pushing gob.

CHICAGO—One Marine was forcibly returned to desk work here last month when 13-year-old Donald Testa, Pvt., USMC, was nabbed by his mother, while waiting for the train to take him to San Diego. Already sworn in as a Marine, Testa had to be physically persuaded to get back to his desk job at Bensenville High.

Another 13-year-old got away with it longer, and even fought overseas before USMC authorities caught up with him. George Wm. Holle rated an honorable discharge—and the good will of every man in the Corps who ever played hookey to get into a good fight.



NEW YEAR OVER HERE

Washington is no longer playing Santa Claus to the old folks at home. Beginning this month, War Ration books go into effect, and the U. S. public will find what British, German, and French "little people" already know—that coupons are more precious than cash. Foods to be rationed, now or soon, include: sugar, coffee, butter, meat, milk, canned goods, candy, dried fruit, frozen vegetables. Other shortages, with zooming prices, already coming up: bananas, 10c each; eggs, 7c each (but that's still better than England, where they rate 1 egg a month, 1 orange a year).

And food isn't all. Along with fancy cooking, your Aunt Jane is having to give up family visits (car jacked up for duration), week-end trips (train and bus seats hard to get), new radio and vacuum cleaner

(she's attending classes learning how to repair the old one instead).

You wouldn't know the old home town: gas station, corner grocery, rural school shut for duration, the old gang all in service or married and left town, earning high govt. pay; movie theatre about to close.

1943 will be a busy, even a happy New Year, at times. But Admiral Halsey's prediction that war will be over by next Christmas is not the opinion of most experts. Both Germany and Japan are digging in "for 20 years," their speakers say. And Barnacle Bill's amazing victories in the Pacific are only a small part of the world picture, where things are moving slowly as Allies now have to carry too much too far. Renewed U-boat war in Atlantic is going to keep U. S. public without old-fashioned home cooking or family reunions for at least two years yet.

THE MARINE CORPS' RECORD FOR 14 MONTHS OF WAR



BY LIEUT. GEN. THOMAS HOLCOMB,
Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps

On the fighting front, we began this war with two strikes against us. Consider our dispositions on that "day that will live in infamy."

There were Marines in China and Guam, comparatively small detachments, isolated in the midst of the enemy. Part of the Fourth Regiment recently had been transferred to the Philippines, and they at least had the chance to go down fighting. But go down they did, casualties or prisoners; as did the base defense battalion and air squadron whose defense of Wake Island made history, and the Marine guards on the capital ships of the Asiatic Squadron who fought in the Java Sea.

These were among the best men we had, officers and enlisted personnel alike. We could use those irreplaceable men today. For the Marine Corps is a very small organization as compared to other armed forces engaged in this struggle.

Other Marines fell, too, in the inferno at Pearl Harbor, at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, on the fire-swept reaches of the Coral Sea and Midway Island, and in the air above them. But Pearl Harbor and Dutch Harbor held. The Coral Sea and Midway were clean-cut victories. Marines had fought at Wake and Batuan with credit to themselves and honor to their Corps.

To their comrades fell the signal honor of furnishing the troops for the first genuinely successful American offensive against the Axis. This occurred on August 7, eight months to the hour after the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, when Marine units landed simultaneously on four of the southern Solomon Islands under cover of ships' guns and planes of the Pacific Fleet.

The smaller islands fell after a short, sharp struggle. On much larger Guadalcanal, site of the all-important airfield, the situation was reversed. The landing was effected with comparative ease. Much valuable equipment was captured, and strategic defense positions established around the airfield. But owing to the size of the island (about that of Connecticut) and the rugged, jungle-choked terrain, the enemy were able to rally and to bring up reinforcements by sea. The struggle that developed has brought out some of the most savage and bitter fighting ever seen in any war.

Bear in mind that we attacked the Japanese on their own ground. For years they have been trained in jungle fighting. For months they have actually practiced it, developed their own tactics and technique. There was no military precedent to draw upon, for never in its history has the United States faced an enemy like the Japanese. They combine cunning, savagery and treachery with stubbornness and a high degree of training. In addition, they possess a peculiar, less-than-human fatalism which causes them to press on in the face of frightful losses—seven to one in the air on the average, and even higher in some of the ground actions.

In short, Guadalcanal became a sort of testing laboratory. The men who fought there learned the hard way. It cost many lives to learn how to cope with jungle infiltration tactics and to master the technique of night fighting which the Japanese had developed to a high degree, but Marines and soldiers sent against the Japs from now on will go fully prepared to cope with the enemy's tricks, and with a few of their own devising to spring on him.

The accomplishments of the Marine Corps on the home front have been more material, if less spectacular.

Six years ago, the entire Corps numbered some 16,000 men, fewer in number than the New York City police department. On the day of Pearl Harbor our enrollment was approaching 65,000. Today we have more than 200,000 officers and men.

Our long-established training posts began to groan under the strain. Two huge new reservations were founded: Camp LeJeune at New River, N. C., in the East and Camp Pendleton near San Diego, Calif., in the West.

Within the past few months, 50,000 acres have been added to the reservation at Quantico, Va., center of officer training and home of many advanced specialty schools. Several new special training centers have been set up, notably for the Marine Air Force, training of which is handled by the Navy. Two new glider schools have been opened within the year, either independently or in connection with naval aviation.

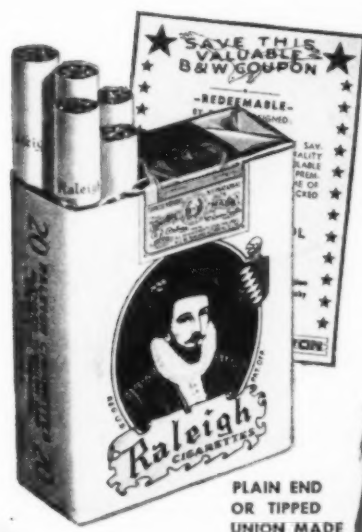
An amphibious attacking force includes artillery, tanks, armored cars, engineers, communications, motor transport, and chemical warfare groups, in addition to aviation and infantry, carrying automatic weapons, mortars and grenades. Each such element requires special training prior to maneuvers with the unified assault force. Schools for such training, dealing with specialized modern arms, have multiplied rapidly, notably the Paramarine, camouflage and glider schools.

Thus, the Corps has been multiplied in size and hardened in the crucible of battle. We know the enemy now, and we have stopped the best that he could send against us. To us was granted the honor of playing an important part in turning the tide of war in the Pacific. Now we have the men, the knowledge and the experience to carry through, successfully, to however bitter an end, this war that we never wanted.—Adapted from "United States News."

Would you like to?

Would you like to try a cigarette that is milder and tastier? Try Raleighs. They're a blend of 31 more expensive, more *golden* colored tobaccos—and at the great tobacco sales, the ripe and mellow *golden* leaves always bring the top prices. Try a pack. And save the coupon on the back of the pack! Good in the United States for your choice of handsome, useful premiums.

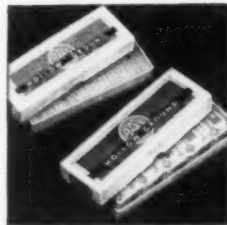
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BILLFOLD and KEY-CASE of genuine pigskin. Zipper closure. Card and coin pockets. 6-clip key-case. Specify black or dark brown.



RAZOR BLADES. A year's supply of new-type Pal blades for quick, cool, smooth shaves. Hollow ground. Fit all regular razors. Double or single edge.



TOBACCO POUCH. This Locktite zipper-top Vacu-Seal keeps your makings compact and handy. Rubber lined, keeps tobacco factory-fresh.



FREE New Catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

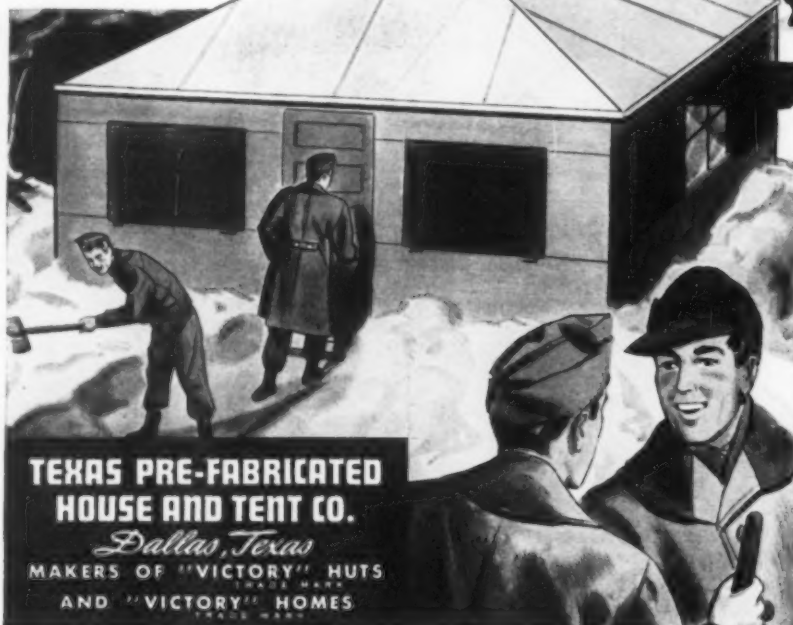
Ask the men who live there —and the taxpayer, too

The Victory Hut is proving daily that efficient military housing can be achieved at a saving by government.

Tens of thousands of soldiers—and sailors, coast guardsmen and marines, too—find them cooler in hot climates, warmer in cold because Air-Space insulated . . . light, tight and comfortable here or overseas . . . Yet our government is saving \$30 to \$50 a man through their use!

The Victory Hut is "The American Way" in action—mass production, standardized types . . . inclusion of all essentials and exclusion of waste . . . Time and taxpayer's money saved through the creation of a fully pre-fabricated, demountable, portable house from available materials . . . that does the job *right* for less money.

And even if the war lasts much longer than we expect, today's Victory Hut, built to last, will be in there year after year delivering *good* housing to our armed forces in any kind of weather.



**TEXAS PRE-FABRICATED
HOUSE AND TENT CO.**
Dallas, Texas
MAKERS OF "VICTORY" HUTS
AND "VICTORY" HOMES

THE LEATHERNECK

Detachments

MARINES AT GREAT EXUMA

GREAT EXUMA. The Bahamas—After six months the U. S. Marines who helped build this Caribbean outpost own one complete victory—a rout with concentrated wisecracks of the loneliness which could have engulfed them.

These Leathernecks, young and tough as whipcord, today observed the six-month anniversary of their occupation of this base.

When Marines landed here with supplies they began a stretch of back-breaking toil immediately after their feet touched solid earth.

It's difficult to glamorize such a prosaic thing as hard work and eternal watchfulness. But maybe Joe Citizen back home will understand better if he recalls that hard work—and eternal watchfulness—by another gallant band of Marines almost saved Wake Island.

This island, some 150 miles from Nassau, that peacetime winter fairyland, looks now like Wake Island might have looked if those Marines had a little more time—and a little more help. It's secure.

There is historical significance to the Marines' presence in the Bahamas. The Corps' first success, in a 167-year-old history of successes, was scored in an invasion of Nassau in the Revolutionary War.

This island is breath-taking in its natural beauty—and overpowering in its remoteness from the hurdy-gurdy of America, which these Leathernecks love, left and miss.



"OH, THERE'S a real Marine!"

Great Exuma, about 35 miles long, and three to four miles wide, is part of the chain which rises like vertebrae from the ocean's back, beginning off the coast of Florida and extending southeasterly into the Caribbean Sea. San Salvador, where Christopher Columbus landed, also is part of the chain.

Great Exuma is of coral rock, topped with a thin skin of sandy soil and a tangled thatch of scrubby growth. It nestles snugly in the lee of Stocking Island, famed in the bloody history of old freebooters.

Exuma has stretches of excellent beaches, spread with blinding white sand. It has the prismatic, unbelievable colors of sea, sky and land, the picturesque pastels of resident homes. It has swaying coconut palms, soft breezes, a healthy climate.

But it has nothing else—lizards, spiders and a harmless variety of boa constrictor constitute the animal life. It is as if God had wrought an artistic masterpiece but had forgotten to breathe life into it—at least the life an American boy knows.

White persons are numbered by the handful: USO shows and other types of "state-side" entertainment are only a pleasant dream.

Liberty—the Marines' term for a few hours of freedom to find entertainment in their own way—is only a figure of speech here.

The island houses about 12 settlements, populated by natives who are friendly and eager to please the Marines. An astonishing number among the island's 4,000-odd native population bear the same surnames.

The nearest settlement is Georgetown, inhabited by a few hundred souls. Because of its proximity, it gets the greatest play from Marines and sailors on liberty.

There are a few dowdy shacks claiming the title of "restaurant" or grocery. There is Solomon Glass' establishment, a tavern so-called because it is the only place on the island where liquid refreshments may be obtained.

To compensate for the lack of outside recreation, men and officers at the base have endeavored to provide entertainment within the reservation. They have succeeded admirably with limited resources.

There are nightly movies—if the "dated" film arrives and the weather permits—out-of-doors with the sky as a canopy. Most of the command uses the hard earth as "loge" seats.

The raw-lumber recreation rooms house two pool tables and a ping-pong table. Corporal Henry Stephens, a Harvard graduate from Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., operates voluntarily a library containing excellent volumes donated by himself.

cool shaves

FELL TOUGH BEARDS AND YOUR CHIN YELLS "TANKS!"



Ingram's helps condition your face for smooth shaving, while it knocks the fight out of your wiry beard!

DOES shaving affect your face like a desert sandstorm? Does your razor leave tread-tracks on your complaining chin? Then transfer to Ingram's, Mister—and smooth, COOL shaves!

Ingram's heavy concentrations of cool, luxurious lather overpower your beard

with speed and ease. Your razor whizzes through like an M-4 through daisies. And man, does that Ingram's COOLNESS feel swell on your face! It soothes your skin and helps condition it for close, clean, comfortable shaving.

So far, so good—and it's even better later! Because that famous Ingram's coolness gives your face a fresh, braced, exhilarated feeling. Get Ingram's today, in the handy, generous jar or tube.



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SHAVING
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IN JAR OR TUBE





Pick-up-

SURE Tootsies taste swell. But more than that . . . Tootsies are a first rate energy pick-up!

Take a Tip, Take a Tootsie . . . It's Tops!

Tootsie Rolls

Rich in DEXTROSE
for quick food-energy

Chewy!
Chocolatey!

5¢

America's favorite candy



GIRLS WITHOUT ROUGE
are like
SHOES WITHOUT COLOR



THEY BOTH LOOK LIKE HECK!

DYANSHINE Adds Color
Gives First Aid to Scuffs

Comes in Army Brown, Cordovan,
Oxblood, Black, and White Glaze

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Liquid SHOE POLISH



50 QUICK SHINES in Each Bottle

Best of the Paste Polishes - DYANSHINE PASTE

The Post Exchange, whose steward is Corporal Mike Burak, a former New York Daily News circulation employee, supplies beer and some candy.

Sergeants Sidney Rosen, Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, and Joe Gatto, Brooklyn, are excellent hosts if you can catch them in their free time. They'll show you around the island, boat and swim with you and best of all, assure you:

"This isn't such a bad place. The fellows here are swell and you sort of get used to the loneliness."

They're right. The fellows are swell. From C.O. to newest recruit, you never hear a complaint.—SGT. MAURICE MORAN.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

MARINE DETACHMENT, Naval Air Station, New York, N. Y.—News of Marines of the New York area:

There are few changes to report in the personnel here. Most important was Gy. Sgt. Julius Grossman's transfer to Norfolk, Va. Pfc. C. K. Holton got his transfer to glider school. Chief Cooks James B. Cudd and James McKee also said goodbye for other points. New arrivals included Cpls. Henry W. Bourne, Hobart J. Doan and Paul W. Cumrine, and Pvts. Robert H. Smith, Elman Starr, Louis F. Tropicano, Matthew J. Sroka, John H. Stevens and Harold L. Merritt.

Cpl. Ernest and Mrs. Alquist tried to get in a night club but were stopped at the door. "No room," said the head waiter. They left disappointed. The club was Boston's Coconut Grove; the time, the night it burned, bringing death to nearly 500.

Bowlers began to smash the pins.

Herman, Super-Marine of 1955



"NOPE, NOT even for \$6.50 a week. I'm in training for the United States Marines."

Corporal Eberman led the pack with a 243 game. Other high scorers: Marine Gunner E. E. Harris, Sgt. Grolz and Pfc. Sprague. Wanted: Matchgame opposition.

The basketball team won six out of seven games. With training behind it, the team dropped one game to the Coast Guard. The horseshoe pitching percentage is even—three won, three lost.

Construction of a quarter-mile cinder track has been authorized by the Commanding Officer and work is well under way. It will afford the station means of staging meets with other military and college teams in this section as well as facilities for conditioning all station personnel.

We finished tenth, 54 points behind the winning Coast Guard team from Manhattan Beach, in the championship rifle and pistol tournament of the Third Naval District. — PFC. GEORGE

OBSTACLE COURSE AT P. I.

MARINE BARRACKS, Parris Island, S. C.—Speaking of Yankee ingenuity, Marines here really have it. A lieutenant, two drill instructors and a platoon of "boots" recently completed a tough obstacle course at no cost whatsoever to the Marine Corps.

Using discarded lumber, scrap iron and borrowed tools, the men built the



Uninformed about Uniforms—but Wise about his Smile!

Newcomer or Seasoned Vet, gums need regular care just as teeth do—let Ipana and Massage help you to a smile that rates citations!

EVERYTHING that glitters is a Brass Hat to the new Marine. He's getting a deep groove in his forehead from hoisting his saluting hand. But there's nothing the least bit foolish about him when it comes to dental hygiene. He always takes care of his gums as well as his teeth!

Nowadays, everyone ought to know that our soft, modern foods don't give gums all the exercise they need. Some-

times, gums tend to grow weak and flabby from lack of work. And that's the reason why it's so often wise to put your gums through special maneuvers—to make what many modern dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage" part of your camp routine!

Whenever you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little extra Ipana on your gums. Some of the Corps' most sparkling teeth, most healthy gums, most successful smiles owe a lot to Ipana and massage. So get a tube of Ipana today—at any druggist's or your service store.

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA



AND MASSAGE

FEBRUARY, 1943



**After you get out
of a fox hole . .**

**You can clean
PLASTIC COATED
Duratone
PLAYING CARDS
with a damp cloth**

Well, maybe you don't play cards in a fox hole, but Duratone cards are easy to clean—ink and candy spots can be quickly removed. The protective plastic coating makes the cards last longer. Ask for the "Club Reno" cards if you want a poker deck that's really tops.



course in a day and a half. Entering into the spirit of the project, the "boots" worked like beavers under the direction of their three superiors.

When the course was first opened, it attracted so much attention that officers and men alike turned out to try their skill. It is one of the traditions of the Marine Corps that officers can do anything their men can. And they proved it by taking the new obstacle course in stride.

In charge of constructing the course were Second Lieutenant Raphael Brosseau, USMC, of Los Angeles, Calif.; Corporal David P. Guido, USMC, of Altoona, Pa.; and Pfc. Loyal Vaughn Par-tain, USMC, of Dillard, Ga.

Features of the course are a 15-foot wall, two ten-foot walls, an eight-foot jump across a ditch, a trench, and a 30-foot rope across a ravine.

LIBRARY IN HAWAII

PEARL HARBOR, T. H.—"Marines use their heads when they fight—and read."

That's the conclusion of Private First Class Milton J. Stephens, USMC, of St. Louis, Mo., after nearly four months in charge of the Marine Barracks post library.

"It's surprising," he said, "to see the number of tough Leathernecks that ask for a copy of Stephen Vincent Benet's poems, Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' or something like that."

Stephens lends approximately 100 books daily to Marines here and seldom is one lost. The books are lent for a two-weeks' period although there are no fines for late returns.

There is always a waiting list for leading contemporary books, for example: Pierre Van Passen's "Days of Our Years"; Winston Churchill's "Blood, Sweat, and Tears"; "Reveille in Washington"; "Russians Don't Surrender"; "Assignment in Berlin"; John Gunther's books; "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

However, the Marines do not limit themselves to modern books. They ask for, and get, everything, from Karl Marx to Thorne Smith. The complete works of Shakespeare and Rabelais are always in use. Books on sociology, economics, military strategy, history and politics are in demand.

The library subscribes to almost all service publications such as THE LEATHERNECK and CHEVRON. These, along with other magazines and newspapers, are not permitted to leave the library.

One book that never leaves the library is Lieutenant Colonel Clyde H. Metcalf's "The History of the Marine Corps." The

Here's Good News for Marines

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

takes to a sea bag like a battlewagon takes to sea



**DR. LYON'S IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
TOOTH POWDER IN
THE MARINE CORPS.**

When you put a sturdy tin of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder in your sea bag, you have a dentifrice that combines all cleansing properties, packaged in a tin that stands rough treatment. It's a known fact that the Dr. Lyon's tin will not burst open or leak as easily as some tooth paste tubes do.

HAS A ONE-TWO PUNCH THAT YOU WILL LIKE

1. Cleans and Polishes Normal Teeth quickly and thoroughly to Natural Whiteness.
2. The tin Stands Rough Treatment; won't easily burst or leak like some tooth paste tubes do.

Here's a PLUS for you — ALL CLEANSING PROPERTIES

AS it is the powder part of most dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that is all powder just naturally cleans effectively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER — all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years, many dentists have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because normal teeth simply cannot remain dull and dingy looking when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans teeth in a way that leaves them sparkling with natural bright-

ness. And, at the same time, refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Costs Less to Use

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is economical to use. In the same size and price class, it outlasts tooth paste two to one.

Brush your teeth daily with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder. Consult your dentist periodically, and you will be doing all that you possibly can do to protect your teeth.

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men use it to settle the many controversies that arise among themselves regarding the history of their Corps.

"Oh, yes," Stephens added, "another of the most read books here is Hitler's 'Mein Kampf'—but," he said, smilingly, "they don't believe it."—LT. EARL J. WILSON.

EX-RUSS OFFICER IN CORPS

MARINE CORPS HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—He was a captain in the Russian Imperial Army in World War I. Now he's happy to be known as Corporal Alexis A. Stoopenkoff, U.S.M.C.

The former Russian officer served in many campaigns in the first war and was decorated numerous times. Later he was active in the National Guard in this country.

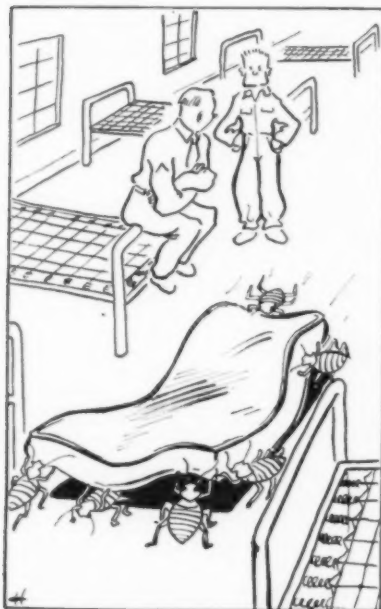
When World War II began, he joined the Marines as a private. He is now attached to the Headquarters Guard Battalion, Washington, D. C.

CAN'T KILL THIS MARINE

NAVAL HOSPITAL, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—"The guy's magic."

That's what his mates say about Private W. V. Brewer, USMC, 24, of Darragh, Pa., after fighting side-by-side with him for two months at Guadalcanal.

Brewer, whose dislocated elbow is mending here, wasn't touched by Jap



"SINCE THEY USE 'em, too, they insist on helping on field days."

*A girl tossed into the discard
Her Marine from the Bremerton Yard—
Said she "Not so hot!"*

Till that leatherneck got

Vitalis—now he's more than a pard!



For hair that's neat and good-looking Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

PERHAPS neat hair ne'er won fair shipyard worker. But a "Where's the violin?" look can throw hot rivets on any man's romantic chances. That's why it's good sense to use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" regularly—to help keep your hair looking trim, trig and attractive!

Start today! Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Your scalp seems to lose any tight, drawn feeling as circulation speeds

up. In addition—you have powerful "hair support" against blazing sun that can bake hair brittle . . . showers that might drench out necessary scalp oils.

You comb your hair—and it stays neatly in place. Has a good-looking, smart lustre—but there's no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" appearance. Start with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" today. Drug stores sell it—so do service stores.

Product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS

AND THE

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"



Told! How New Palmolive Lather Cream ENRICHED WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS Lets Us Guarantee*

NO RAZOR BURN!



1 BELIEVE IT OR NOT, razor burn—that aching, burning, stinging sensation—is not caused by tough beard or tender skin. It's caused when your razor scrapes against your skin—making hundreds of tiny nips, cuts and gouges!



2 PALMOLIVE LATHER CREAM helps protect you against this! It lubricates your skin with a cushion of soap enriched with Olive and Palm Oils. This cushion e-a-s-e-s the sharp edge of your razor gently along!



3 NO SHAVE CREAM not enriched with Olive and Palm Oils could possibly give you this same cushion! Because of it, your beard comes off *crisply, closely!* You get a smooth, easy shave. Your skin feels cool, fresh, clean!

PALMOLIVE LATHER CREAM
LITERALLY LUBRICATES YOUR SKIN WITH A CUSHION OF SOAP ENRICHED WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THIS CUSHION E-A-S-E-S THE SHARP EDGE OF YOUR RAZOR S-M-O-O-T-H-L-Y ALONG!



"An Amazing Guarantee To Users Of Any Lather Shaving Cream!"

Buy a big tube of PALMOLIVE LATHER CREAM. Shave with it! Use the entire tube... down to the last squeeze!

If you do not find it allows ab-

solutely no burning and stinging—no razor burn—return the top of the carton to Palmolive, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund your money.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

BUY THE MONEY-SAVING "GIANT-SIZE" TUBE!



THE ONLY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED LATHER CREAM ENRICHED WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

bullets while manning a machine gun during Jap attacks on Henderson Field—fixed his machine gun's firing pin as the Nips tried to blast him out of his dugout—kept fighting in spite of malaria—was in a hospital when it was bombed—was in an army transport plane while it wandered all night because of a radio breakdown—landed on a small reef where he remained ten days, and was rescued just as the water was about to give out.

The closest the Japs came to putting Brewer, a former blacksmith, out of commission was when they bombed his hospital and he dislocated his elbow diving into an air raid shelter.

And he's still asking for more.

"About the closest call," he said, "was

when that darned firing pin broke. It was a tight moment. But a Marine jumped into my dugout and held those Japs off while I rummaged around my repair kit in the dark. In a few minutes I had the thing operating again.

"All this time I was sick with malaria. I'd been feeling kind of dizzy, but didn't want to go to 'sick bay.' However, they found out I had malaria and put me to bed.

"But things weren't dull in that hospital. The Japs opened up with their big ship guns, and I thought the place would be shattered. I half hurled myself out of bed, and dashed out with the mosquito net clinging to me.

"Just 25 yards away, I saw the X-ray building blasted to bits. I scooted to

the nearest air raid shelter with shells exploding all around me. And I didn't take time to climb down.

"I dived—and it was about a 15-foot drop.

"That," he exhibited his still swollen elbow, "is how I became a casualty. Just a dislocation, however, and it'll heal in time for me to get back."

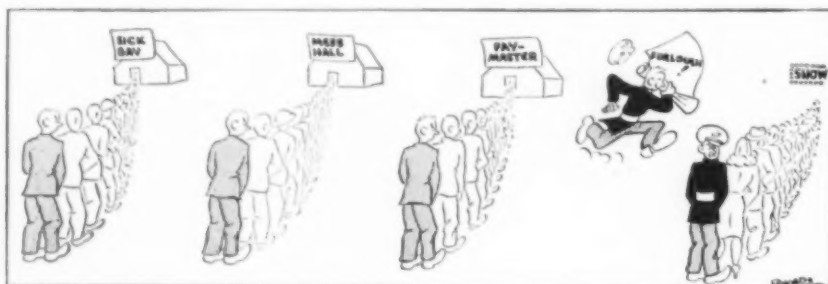
The day following, Private Brewer was evacuated in a transport plane. The plane's radio broke down, and it wandered all night. At dawn, with fuel nearly exhausted, it was forced to a small reef.

"We remained there for ten days," Brewer explained. "And we had darned little water. All the food was a few chocolate bars.

"When we were rescued we discovered we were only 95 miles from our destination."—PRIVATE BART COPELAND.

CAGERS AT LeJEUNE

CAMP LEJEUNE, N. C.—Intramural basketball, with two leagues in operation, has become a major pastime at the Fleet Marine Force Training Center and the base expects to have a team competing soon against teams from such



colleges as Penn State and Wake Forest.

On the spiritual side, two new chapels have been dedicated at Hadnot Point. One edifice is St. Aloysius Chapel for Catholics, the other a Protestant house of worship. The two red brick structures conform to the Georgian-Colonial style of architecture at Hadnot Point.

NEWS FROM YORKTOWN

MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. NAVAL MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN, VA. — Recreation facilities here were expanded with the opening of a new gymnasium that would make many a college envious.

Fishing and oystering nearby is good and interest is high; so much so that the PX is sponsoring a fishing contest.

Stationed here is Pfc. Wampler, former Iowa state professional wrestler, who tangled with Londos, Nagurski, Steele and others. Now he serves as PX brew dispenser—and “mediator” in any debate—verbal or otherwise—that might arise between the boys.

Yes, there is recreation, but rest assured there is work, and plenty of it, at the N.M.D.—CORPORAL MURRAY M. PIKELNY.

MYSTERIES OF PANAMA

MARINE BARRACKS, COCO SOLO, C. Z.—Panama is famed in song and story as a land of mystery and intrigue, with beautiful spies lurking behind every safe doorway. The advent of war, however, brought a house-cleaning—the intrigue is gone, but United States Marines stationed here find that there still is quite a bit of mystery.

Take, for example, a simple thing like driving a car. Down here they drive on



“WHY SHOULD I waste ammunition? He just says ‘bang’ and they fall down.”

Like MAGELLAN... Make a Discovery!

Often, you've longed to “discover” a really good pipe tobacco—one that always suited you down to the ground. We sincerely believe that in one of these Christian Peper blends you will make that discovery. All have the blending skill of 90 years' experience behind them.



CROSBY SQUARE PIPE MIXTURE

Crosby Square Pipe Mixture burns long, yet freely and coolly with no bite. It's mild enough to be inhaled if desired and “full” enough to satisfy. An unusually pleasant smoke. List 15c.

PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE

Blended with the expertness that characterizes Crosby Square, Peper's Pouch contains certain more expensive leaves which may influence your preference. List 25c.



LONDON DOCK

Known as “America's Finest Aromatic” because in it are skillfully blended the world's choicest aromatic tobaccos. Smoke London Dock Aromatic Mixture alone or blend it with other tobacco. List 40c.



MAGELLAN

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese noble in the court of King John “The Perfect,” actually achieved what Columbus planned, through his discovery of Magellan's Straits. This feat, accomplished in the year 1505, linked West Europe with East Asia by direct transit over the Western Ocean. Many historians feel that Magellan's name has never received sufficient recognition for this far-reaching deed. DISCOVERING YOUR TOBACCO is so much easier!



CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO. Since 1852
ST. LOUIS, MO.

the left hand side of the road as they do in England, rather than the right. The British drive “left handed” because many of their automobiles have right hand drives. But all of the automobiles you see in Panama are American makes. Ask somebody why they don't drive U. S. style and you get a shrug of the shoulders for an answer.

Being here in the tropics, you naturally expect (or I did anyway) to have lush tropical fruit available almost for the asking. But only this morning the oranges served at breakfast were stamped with a California-fruit trade name famous from coast to coast in the States. Why, when it seems like bringing coals to Newcastle? I don't know.

Of course, if you're looking for mystery down here, you can always become involved trying to decide which is which direction. The Canal, instead of running East and West as it seems it should actually runs almost North and South. A hook in the Panamanian Isthmus causes all the trouble. You keep telling yourself that you're looking South when you face the Pacific from the Atlantic side, but it never seems quite right. Veterans down here tell me they have the same trouble.

Boundaries are as confusing as directions. Colon, the nearest town to Coco Solo, is in the Canal Zone (U. S. Terri-

Consult Your Post Exchange
Officer

for

MARITIME WATCHES

DIAMONDS



GUARANTEED BY

KLEIN & MULLER, Inc.

21 Maiden Lane

New York

ATTENTION!

POST EXCHANGES

IF YOU NEED IT — WE HAVE IT

Inspection Kits, Tourist Kits, Shoe Brushes, Shoe Shine Kits, Kaywoodie Pipes, Cameras, WATERPROOF WATCHES, Military Insignia, Jewelry, Rings, Bracelets, Locketts, Waterman Pens, Albums, Films. WRITE US.

OUR SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU

MORRIS STRUHL, INC.

45 West 23rd St.

New York, N. Y.



MODERN BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS



"Edgeworth Has a New Uniform!"

I stepped into a store today,
To buy a "tin of blue,"
The clerk said "EDGEWORTH? . . . Here
you are!"

—But gave me something new!
"Edgeworth has enlisted"—
He informed me with a grin,
"This SEAL-PAK Pouch has now replaced
The famous true-blue tin."

"You see," he said, "it's moisture-proof,
The inside's neatly lined,
It folds down as you use it,
It's conveniently designed—
And Edgeworth keeps its flavor fresh
In SEAL-PAK, I've been told—
It's easy, too, to fill your pipe . . ."
"O.K.!" I said, "I'm sold!"



Fits your pocket
neatly

YES, that blue tin of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, famous for 40 years, has now been replaced for the duration of the war, by the new and handy Edgeworth SEAL-PAK Pouch. You'll find this new SEAL-PAK Pouch easy to carry in the pocket of your service blouse—easy to fill your pipe from—and best of all it keeps your favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco in a flavor-fresh condition. Edgeworth, you know, is America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.



Larns & Son, Co.

THE LEATHERNECK

tory), Cristobal belongs to the Republic of Panama, yet they are so merged that a stranger can't tell whether he is in one or the other. The same thing is true on the Pacific side of the Isthmus with Balboa (U. S.) and Panama (Panamanian).

As upside-down as anything here is a Panamanian newspaper. It usually runs to eight pages, four of which are printed in English, the other four in Spanish. Mysterious enough is the English text conventionally printed North and South (or is it East and West here?) on the paper while the Spanish portion is printed in the opposite direction. At first it looks like an accident, but then you learn that it's an old Panamanian custom.—SGT. RICHARD J. MURPHY.

A LETTER FROM HOME

PEARL HARBOR, T. H.—The postman at the Pearl Harbor Marine Barracks rang long and loud recently for Private First Class Harold W. Rasmussen, USMC, of Ida Grove, Iowa.

When the 23-year-old Leatherneck answered, he found he hit the jackpot in the form of a letter, thirty-three feet long, from the citizens of his home town.

The letter, containing a message from almost everyone in Ida Grove, took a week to compile. It took Rasmussen three hours to read it.

Rasmussen's brother, Carroll, spent a week in getting the lengthy, six-inch wide roll of white paper filled with town news, gossip, personal messages and odds and ends.

About the only person who did not participate in the letter was Rasmussen's best girl, who is in Colorado teaching school. But by the way he smiled when asked, it was evident he gets plenty of mail from her.

Before enlisting in the Marine Corps last December, Rasmussen worked as a well-driller with his father.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Rasmussen, live at 707 Seventh Street, Ida Grove. He has three brothers, Alfred E., 25, a first lieutenant in the army engineers; Carroll, 21, a well-driller at Ida Grove and a corporal in the home guard, and Roger, 13, at home.—LT. E. J. WILSON.

MUSIC FOR MORALE

PORT OF EMBARKATION, WEST COAST.—I just said "so long" to a bunch of Leathernecks who double in brass—but literally. It was a rootin' tootin' band designed by the United States Marine Corps for music, morale and mayhem.

This streamlined unit of twenty, complete with a tough top sergeant band leader, just boarded ship for transport

WELL, WELL, POOR OLD LUKE! HE SURE HIT THAT MUD PUDDLE!

YEH, AND HIM DATED UP WITH A WAVE TONIGHT-HE'LL NEVER GET CLEAN!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! LOOK AT LUKE SHINE! HOW DID HE DO IT?

IT MUST BE THAT LIFEBOUY SOAP HE'S ALWAYS RAVING ABOUT!...MAYBE I'LL TRY IT MYSELF!

"BEFORE and AFTER"
TAKING A SHOWER WITH LIFEBOUY
THE LARGEST SELLING BATH SOAP
WITH OUR ARMED FORCES

BOY, NOW I KNOW WHY LUKE ALWAYS STEPS OUT SO SPICK AND SPAN! THIS ZIPPY LIFEBOUY LATHER SURE CLEANS UP ON DIRT AND "B.O." FAST!!

Fighting men lick "B.O." with Lifebuoy—
No. 1 bath soap of the armed forces!

★ Lifebuoy is a man's soap for men who work, play, and fight hard! Use it daily. First of all, it's tailor-made to stop "B.O."! It gives rich, heavy lather even in cold, hard water... "cleans up" on dirt and sweat—quick! Your P X has Lifebuoy.

NEW ADDED INGREDIENT
NEW VANISHING SCENT
SAME PROTECTIVE LATHER

FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."

LIFEBOUY
HEALTH SOAP

USE IT DAILY!

BOB BURNS
SAYS:
I GOT THE LIFEBOUY HABIT IN '18, NOW MARINE CORPS BACK IN '18, NOW THERE'S A SOAP THAT REALLY CLEANS UP! AND CONFIDENTIALLY FELLOWS, IT STOPS "B.O." QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY "STOP SCHICKELGRUBER"

Laugh with
BOB BURNS
Every Thursday Night
NBC See local paper for time and station

to a combat zone. With rifles slung on one shoulder, and instruments on the other, they went marching off to war.

From practical observation I know they can play tunes on both. Pinned on their green blouses were marksmanship medals, silent testimony to their proficiency with the Garand rifle.

For any who might take the stand that Marines who make music can't make war on our enemies, let them lend an ear. First off, these musicians were not only big but also young and tough.

It used to be quite a show around here to see these band lads drill. They were good and they knew it. When they left their instruments back in barracks and went out just for the drill exercises under the whip-lash voice of their "top," they were taken for a crack detachment of veteran campaigners. Sailors stood and gaped.

This isn't the first streamlined combat band to be shipped out. Nor the last.

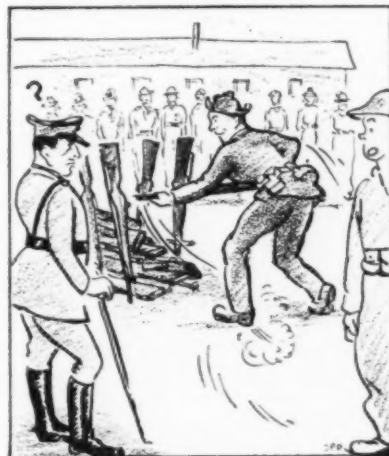
As I said my "so-longs," I got to thinking what a surprise, among others handed out by Marines, Mr. Tojo is going to get out of this band. Even without bullets they'll be formidable. Why, I'm dead certain that tuba player could blow any little yellow sniper right out of his hiding place with one blast.

Here's to more music for morale and mayhem!—SGT. GENE WARD.

NEWS FROM THE SARATOGA

U.S.S. SARATOGA—Scuttlebutt from the flag Marines: It seems as though

Osbourne the Literal Marine



"OSBOURNE FEELS his method of stacking arms is best, Sir."

some of the old "Iron Horses" of the detachment are growing restless for a change of scenery. Recent transfers included Sgt. Hoese, Corp. Thompson, Pfc. Morgan and Pvt. Karasewicz.

Transfers have been requested by Pfc. O. S. Williams to Officers Candidate class, Corp. J. P. O'Connor and Pfc. R. W. Kerr to the First Marine Air Group in Quantico, Va., and Pfc. C. S. Phelps to Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

Newcomers to the Saratoga detachment were Corp. Jackson, Corp. Towles and Pfc. Candelario and Willet.

HE NEEDS A SECRETARY

MARINE CORPS BASE, San Diego.—When the "Doc" comes around asking "Have you been getting any mail?" one husky Leatherneck at the U. S. Naval Hospital here, always chuckles—audibly.

He is Private Albert A. Schmid, USMC, of Philadelphia, one of the outstanding heroes to return from the early Solomons fighting.

The 22-year-old Marine has received more than 500 letters from people and organizations since publicizing of his exploits in killing more than 200 Japs during the battle of the Tenaru River on

To the Service that's Tops
in Achievement

VALLEY FORGE BEER

The Beer that's Tops
in Taste

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.
NORRISTOWN, PA. Since 1854
Brewers of Rams Head Ale



"VICTORY IS EVERYONE'S JOB!"

OSCAR W. HEDSTROM CORPORATION

Manufacturers of

**"OH38" ALUMINUM ALLOY CASTINGS
ALUMINUM—BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS
WOOD—METAL PATTERNS—MODELS**

HIGH CONDUCTIVITY COPPER CASTINGS—

Manufacturers of Marine Lighting Fixtures, Distribution Boxes,
Connection Boxes, Switch Boxes, Junction Boxes, and parts therefor.

4836-42 W. Division Street

Chicago, Ill.

Guadalcanal last August 21.

"Smitty," as his pals call him, operated the last machine gun to stay in action, after taking over from his fallen corporal, and stopped attack after attack of assaulting Jap troops heavily superior in number to the handful of Marines defending the strategic area.

One of Smitty's prized letters is from the principal of Philadelphia's Woodrow Wilson Jr. High School, which Pvt. Schmid attended, and separate letters from 79 members of the present English class of his old school-teacher, Helen R. Stockton.

Of her Smitty reminisces:

"There was another guy by the name of Schmid in my class—Ray—he's a Marine recruiting sergeant in 'Philly' now, and we Schmid used to make life kind of miserable for Miss Stockton. Once we dropped her pet flower pot out the window—but I guess she always understood we were only kidding. It is swell hearing from her."

As he talked, Smitty leaned on a beautifully figured cane presented to him by Mrs. Veta Morgan of San Diego, clerk in the Red Cross office at the Naval Hospital. The stick, hand-carved by New Mexican Indians, had been in her family for more than 50 years.

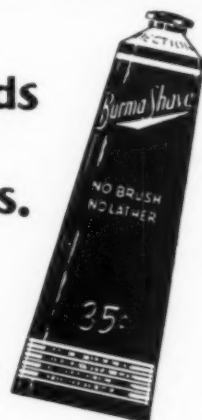
Pvt. Schmid, since his arrival, has received many other gifts, as well as Christmas cards and letters, from people in almost every state in the Union, a Red Cross social worker at the hospital related.

Smitty's bunk at the hospital is a gathering place for Marines and sailors returned from battle areas. As one Navy corpsman put it, "This place won't be the same when that lad leaves."



Stores are full
of shaving aids
but all you need
is this and blades.

Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH
NO LATHER



Burma-Shave BLADES--VERY SHARP-- 15 FOR 25¢

THE LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP

MODERN JUDO

Here's another well done book, replete with 400 action pictures, on the gentle art of committing legalized mayhem. The author, Charles Yerkow, is distinguished for a thorough knowledge of the subject plus the good sense not to assure his audience that he can learn all about the art in ten easy lessons. It'll take more and the work isn't easy. In writing this "Modern Judo," Yerkow proceeded on the theory that tricks of the trade were well and good, but a sound foundation of the entire subject — the elemental rules of this intricate and ageless art — must be well established. Otherwise a trick might backfire, because the Jap enemy, who was taught Judo at about the same time he learned to lift a chop stick, knows the tricks, too. The author went to great trouble in taking the confusing Japanese terminology, unscrambling it into clear English and making it have sense.

400 PICTURES, 296 PAGES, \$2.00 PER COPY

GET TOUGH

"We've got to be tough to win, and we've got to be ruthless — tougher and more ruthless than our enemies." So declared Major W. E. Fairbairn as he went about the business of writing "Get Tough." It is a book, and a great one, detailing all the hand-to-hand fighting he taught the Marines of the famed Shanghai Riot Squad back in the '20's and the commandos and paratroops of this war. The Major is a world-wide noted expert in such matters as the best methods of gouging a Jap's innards with certain instruments, breaking his leg and cracking his skull, all in a few terse movements. One of his more gentle treatments is to cup the hands and bop them over a foe's ears, thus breaking one or both eardrums and producing a mild concussion. Major Fairbairn was the first foreigner living outside Japan who was permitted to study at Kodokan Jiu-Jitsu University. He was so good he won the Black Belt, second degree. He knows the Jap technique and his warped psychology. He also knows a few first class methods of his own, so what more could you ask.

\$1.00 PER COPY

DO OR DIE

The famous Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, USMC, who can practice what he preaches despite his 67 years, put his vast store of knowledge, backed as it is by personal experience, into this manual. Read it, master its contents and you'll do it, not die. It's well illustrated, with Marines as models, and it covers advanced schooling in the bayonet, knife, jiu-jitsu, savate and boxing. The book review section this month seems crowded with texts on the more rugged phases of warfare, but this manual has been accepted by the Marine Corps as a guide for training in "individual combat." Self-defense is well covered, but since a good defense is a deadly defense, the Colonel covers the ground in clear, concise manner. He takes you step by step, movement by movement, through the various instructions. You might come out a little scratched, but your opponent — well, he won't come out. Not if you take this manual and learn it. And you may be reassured through-out its 74 pages that everything Colonel Biddle writes Colonel Biddle has executed. He's that kind of an expert.

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SEMPER FIDELIS

This calls for an encore, because this beautifully done, color-illustrated history of the Marine Corps scored a walloping hit from the outset. The Leatherneck office has been swamped with demands for a reprinting, and here it is. It's all-Marine. A Marine even posed for the front cover, and incidentally, it's worth framing for the folks back home. An all-picture edition on slick paper, its pages unfold to show the Marine in action on land, in the air and on the sea. There is even a shot of Marines at one familiar chore — cleaning their rifles. You'll like its story-in-film, and so will your friends, because it shows what you do and something of how you do it.

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"From the Halls of Montezuma—" Marines storm Chapultepec Castle, Mexico City, in 1847. "—To the Shores of Tripoli—" Marines subdue the knife-slashing pirates at Tripoli. "Our Flag's Unfurled to Every Breeze—" The expedition against Quallah Battoo, Sumatra, 1832. This booklet of "The Marines' Hymn" takes you by color-drawing through the verses of the world's most fighting song, each line illustrated to show an event in the history of the Corps for which the words were dedicated. The words tell you of far off northern lands and sunny tropic scenes, of the pride in the Corps and the bravery of its men. The brilliantly executed paintings above the lines give you a picture of your memory's scrapbook. And when you sing "The Marines' Hymn," you'll know what you are singing about. You might even see those streets in heaven which are guarded by United States Marines.

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CLOSE ORDER DRILL is one command candidates get in the Marine Corps' first indoctrination school on the west coast for men with previous military service and specialists. Most of these are ex-servicemen.

Officers' "Boot Camp"

BUT near San Diego, on the site of what was once a dairy ranch, is "Green Farms," a new kind of Marine Corps boot camp, where the "recruits" who clamber into dungarees at reveille



AQUATIC CHAMPS of yesteryear, Captain Gordon Warner (left), school commander and ex-collegiate swimming star, demonstrates a machine gun to Harold (Dutch) Smith, Olympic Games diver and tutor of movie stars.

and turn out for close order drill, wear the insignia of lieutenants, captains, majors.

"Officers Indoctrination Course" their schooling is officially termed. It is the first of its kind to be established by the Marine Corps on the Pacific Coast.

On its roster are listed many brand-new commissions. The men who hold them range in age from 28 to 51. Almost all are married; some have children. Every one has given up an established civilian career to help an expanding Marine Corps meet its need for officers whose background fits them for specialized duties.

The Corps, with a widening task in the present conflict, no longer expects its commissioned personnel to double in brass — to know thoroughly the tactics of battle, the inner workings of a tank, how to stretch one week's mess supplies over two, how best to deal with conquered civilians.

At the same time, a motor transport specialist is fair game for enemy snipers. A camouflage expert might lose his

way and stray into enemy territory. Any specialist may find himself fighting shoulder to shoulder with infantry men against long odds.

So their prescribed course of indoctrination is giving them a grounding in all types of weapons: the rifle, the pistol, trench mortars, the machine gun, artillery pieces.

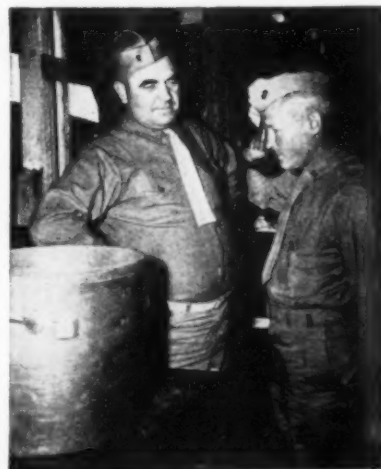
Close and extended order drill, map reading, combat intelligence, customs and courtesies of the Corps, field fortifications, field sanitation, anti-tank defense — these are only a few of the subjects of which they must gain a working knowledge in thirty days.

Volunteering for general service are eight class members who were Marine Corps officers or enlisted men in World War I. For them such instruction might seem unnecessary. But the Corps runs no risks and is pouring them all through the same funnel, making sure they are familiar with modern methods.

An assorted group are the specialists. One is an authority on civic relations, with a background in the California State Department of Military Affairs. Another is a former San Diego restaurateur, tabbed as a mess officer.

An Olympic diving champion with a first hand knowledge of beach conditions the world over, and an athletic coach who understands physical conditioning are two more.

Three, formerly with art departments of Hollywood studios, can utilize their artistic skill to produce accurate relief maps of enemy terrain. Three others, experienced in motor fleet operation and



SOUP'S NEARLY ON for Captain Caesar Pastore (left), San Diego cafe man and embryo mess officer in the indoctrination class, while hefty Marine Gunner S. Jagsz supervises the chow sampling.

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maintenance, can be depended upon to rendezvous a fighting unit on time.

Throwing a bridge across a stream, scraping an air field out of the jungle, putting down a high speed highway for materiel movement, are the jobs a group of seven engineers stand ready to perform.

All told they are representative of today's Marine Corps officer — a fighting man plus.

Eighteen and a half miles in five and a half hours—that's how fast the group of middleaged Marine Corps reserve officers traveled in their graduation hike.

Graduation was distinctly anti-climatic for the officers who haven't been as pepped up about anything since they began training several weeks ago. Cause of the jubilation was the knowledge that they had bettered the record of one of the young boot platoons in hiking more than three and a third miles per hour through rugged terrain, carrying full combat equipment.

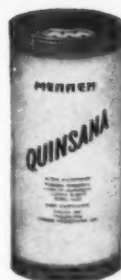
Not the Same Guy

(Continued from page 5)

pened so fast that he hadn't had a chance to think of an easy out.

WHEN winter roared into Joey's hometown some months later, Chancy Malone was still selling newspapers across from the post office. After the noon rush, Chancy grabbed up one of his own papers, the only chance he had to read them, and started to eat a sandwich from a battered lunch box. Scanning over the headlines his eyes caught a familiar name on a two-column spread. "SGT. JOSEPH SEARLE, USMC, GIVES LIFE TO SAVE COMRADES." The story said: "Lost for fifteen days, 30 Marines owe their lives to the fast-thinking of their sergeant, who simulated a ten-man offensive with a tommy-gun and hand grenades, while his buddies escaped through a Jap-infested jungle. When the Marines reached camp, many a tightlipped tribute was paid to the heroic sergeant."

Chancy shook his head in a bewildered sort of way. . . . It couldn't be the same guy. The Joey Searle I knew was the worst punk. Not worth a damn. And now some guy with the same name turns out to be a hero. They ought to be a law against two mugs having the same name. . . . Some dope might get 'em mixed.



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Quick relief for Hot,
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FEBRUARY, 1943

They Couldn't Have Known

"It was a lucky break for Bob, getting stationed there right after basic training," said Ruth, as she and Marilyn sat in the terminal restaurant, waiting for the bus to Dallas.

"He used to play a lot of baseball in that 3-Y league down there. As a matter of fact, the new lab he's working in was built on the site of the old home town ball park. It's quite a coincidence."

She squashed her cigarette butt, and began on the soup. Baseball meant a lot to Ruth. She went on: "Actually it was on that very ground he made those three homers against the White Sox. It was in that exhibition game, you know, the sports writers first noticed him."

It was lunch time and the restaurant was crowded. Nevertheless, felt Ruth, it was a bit of bad luck that Joe Reger

had to come and sit at their table. They could hardly say "No"; there were only themselves and a thin man in a grey suit and pincenez at it. It was Marilyn who said, "But of course," while Ruth gave her mind to the problem of whether it should be pork chops or hamburger.

Even Marilyn didn't like him much. Reger was the sort who thought he knew everything, and was always ready to get his two cents in.

"I hear Bob's finished Basic Training at the top of his group. Hearty congratulations, Ruth. Good old Bob! Attached to Chemical Warfare, secret weapons or something, isn't it?"

Ruth tried to stop them, but Marilyn said: "Right in the brand new experimental laboratories too. Ten times grander."

Then Ruth kicked her under the table, ending the conversation.

THE thin man was sitting in his flat talking to a large man with no back to his head. They had discussed many things.

"By the way, what are the White Sox?" Their last subject had been India, but the large man showed no surprise.

"A baseball team, I believe."

"What is a homer? Not a pigeon, surely."

"I'm not quite certain, but it's some kind of score in the game. Why?"

"Some man called Bob made three homers against the White Sox. It was some sort of exhibition. It might be most convenient for us to find out where that happened."

"H'm. The White Sox are known to be a very fine team, and if a local boy showed impressively against them he naturally would be some kind of hero around here. I've got one or two pals who might know about it."

He went to the telephone. After half an hour a voice at the other end was exclaiming: "Oh, yes, Bob Jordan. He hit three homers against the White Sox at Forrest Park back in 1939. A natural if ever there was one on the diamond—but, I don't think he'll be playing this year. Believe he's in some kind of special service."

The two men looked at each other.

"Forrest Park? That's the old baseball field in Dallas just bought up by the government for a hospital site. So there's a new laboratory there, eh?"

They bent over a map on the desk.

"It shouldn't be difficult. We can probably work Miller in on their electrical staff."

EVERYBODY said it was mighty suspicious when a short circuit caused the fire that burned down the new experimental laboratories in Forrest Park. But accidents are frequent in war time. Besides, the work there was under strictest supervision, only picked men. No fifth columnist could possibly have known about it!



LEATHERNECK *Sports*

WHAT'S stewing in the nation's sports pot? The answer: Everyone in it, and the pot is getting hotter.

What about baseball in 1943? College and professional football? Boxing, horse racing, golf, tennis, basketball, track? Sports fans, including those thousands, like you Leathernecks, scattered around the world, want to know what the prospects are for continuation of their favorite pastime.

Fans aren't alone in this quandary. The big boys who run sports are in a quandary, too. And a quandary in their case is a state that immediately adjoins a little room which is usually referred to as a padded cell and which is equipped with special tailor-made garments known as straitjackets. You haven't seen a worried man until you've sighted a sports promoter on the verge of losing his promotional pants.

Let's take baseball first, since it's the next major event on the sports calendar. The moguls of the major and minor leagues have met and they'll meet again before the birds and ballplayers head south this spring. The birds are a cinch to make the trip. The ballplayers—??

The reason? Mr. Joseph B. Eastman of the Office of Defense Transportation threw the magnate into a prone position when he "suggested" that the clubs cancel plans to train in Florida, California and Texas. A "suggestion" from Mr. E. is like one from an MP standing over you with a club.

At last reports, the magnates were still in a prone position trying to figure out ways and means of operating on a curtailed basis this year. Clubs will train nearer home, the regular season may be whittled down, and, above all, train travel will be slashed.

In other words, the diamond campaign probably will start and so will the headaches.

BEST estimate is that at least 200 ballplayers are in the armed forces now, and more will be wearing Uncle Sam's uniform instead of a monkey suit by the time "Play Ball" is called. Many of the greatest names in the game are already in. You know about most of them.

AIN'T IT TOO WONDERFUL—
HOW FAN MAIL ROLLS IN
FOR SMOOTHED-UP GUYS
WITH A **LUX SOAP** SKIN!



*This super-soap
with **ACTIVE** lather
makes female hearts
a cinch to gather!*



THAT'S Cupid, chum, giving out with the inside dope on how to make those sweetie-pie glances come your way. Just remember, says he, no frail ever goes for that frizzled-beef look. A phiz that's clean-looking, smooth—that's what sets the female heart a-flutter. A Lux Soap phiz, in short! Creamy, ACTIVE lather slicks you up gentle-like, but oh, so thorough. At your P.X.

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Some owners, pleading baseball's case in wartime, attempt to classify it as a morale-builder. That's strictly baloney. Others merely believe the sport is a fine medium of relaxation, a tonic, for everyone, in or out of the service. That's more sensible.

On the financial side, if you care for same, baseball kicked in \$1,294,958 to war relief funds in 1942. It was a generous gesture, wholeheartedly accomplished, and pardon us for calling \$1,294,958 a gesture. That's big dough for one sport to raise. The USO, for instance, got \$362,926 out of the World Series, and would have received more except that those Cardinals terminated the affair in five games.

The road for most minor leagues is more rugged. Most of them will start and some will end—quicker than usual. Manpower being what it is, they may have to use sandlot kids and retreads to

make up a nine. The future of baseball, you can tell, is most uncertain.

College football? Most conferences had tough sledding last fall. The snow will be heavier next year. Dauntless graduate managers are making up schedules for 1943—and keeping a cancellation stamp handy, just in case. They face baseball's problem, material and transportation. The first is worse for the colleges because they employ—pardon, use—young men. Professional football, taking a more realistic view of things, is all ready to close down shop. The National Pro league even postponed its usual draft of players, figuring another draft board had more authority. The Washington Redskins, who astounded the fans by toppling the mighty Chicago Bears, 14-6, to win the championship, number half of its squad in the armed forces. Coach Ray Flaherty guided the Redmen to the title, and then left to pick up a navy commission. George Halas, coach-owner of the Bears, already had his gold stripes. That'll give you an idea. Some owners want to call off the 1943 campaign now. Others choose to await developments. The same situation, only darker, confronts the various smaller pro circuits around the country. They'll operate more on a barnstorming plane than anything else, if they operate at all.

Amateur tennis last year was distinguished for its lack of sustained national interest, but it promises to outshine that record in 1943; there may not be any interest at all. This is one problem that cannot be blamed on the war, however. The sport simply has no gate attractions, and hasn't had since Budge and Perry joined the pro forces, followed by Alice Marble and Bobby Riggs. Incidentally, the pro business has been well milked, too, and not by the war. It's hard to say what the brass hats of tennis will do next summer, but this observer knows what they could do with their brass.

Generally speaking, basketball had a good season, and while many players will be gone next winter, it should do well again. Gas rationing curbed intercity excursions, particularly in the midwest, where basketball is such a redhot attraction, but attendance didn't fall. Gymnasiums in the section were never large enough to hold the local patronage, anyhow. College conferences with members scattered over wide areas will suffer in 1943 (transportation, again), but schools operating on short hauls should be sitting pretty enough. Whether those long Christmas season exhibition jaunts will be attempted is something else. Most probably, they will be discontinued.

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Jungle Jaunt

(Continued from page 20)

said he would be along "just now."

The first thing an outsider learns on coming to British Guiana is to pay no attention to the native's promise to do a thing "just now." It is similar to the Spanish "manana" or the American "in a moment."

At any rate we lugged our ponderous equipment—save the cots and netting which had been left behind at Garraway—around to the next smooth water and sat down to rest. Anderson, who had lugged the heavy four-cylinder motor, was in favor of calling quits for the day.

We were to find another boat here in which to continue. We found it—half full of water. We lolled about for more than an hour, contemplating the problems of our transportation, wondering what had become of Bell.

Suddenly a crackling on the trail brought us to our feet. From out of nowhere appeared a gnome-like little brown man, clad in nothing but a red breech clout, carrying a tremendous load on his back—anchored by a cloth band around his forehead—and armed with an ancient shotgun and what looked like a long bamboo pole. We later learned this pole was a poison dart blow-gun, with which the Indians are deadly marksmen.

We surmised him to be of the Arawak Indian tribe, originally the sole inhabitants of the Guianas. Very few of them remain alive today, as they did not take kindly to the infiltrations of white and black men. These remnants have withdrawn into the remote mountain and

savannah regions we were passing through.

He stopped dead in his tracks as soon as he saw us, and a taut silence followed for about five minutes while the Indian looked us over. Four more Indian men, two women and a toddling, naked child padded quietly up and joined in the scrutiny—which seemed definitely hostile to us at the moment. After scanning us a while longer, during which time we had been futilely trying to show our friendliness by saying, over and over again, "How!" they moved about fifty feet beyond us and began unloading their bulky packs.

All the while not one of them took his or her eyes from us. Every man was armed to the teeth, some with machetes—a prime necessity in the dense South American bush—some with bows and arrows, some with rifles and some with blow-guns. It was ticklish business.

Suddenly Metcalf grunted "To hell with all this noise," and walked quickly over to the nearest Indian and offered him a cigarette. Without a sound the man took it, and the proffered light. The others, including the women, followed suit. The tension eased—we felt immensely relieved and the Indians ceased peering at us.

A moment later Bell appeared. He had been submerging his craft so that the scorching tropical sun would not open the seams in his absence.

"These people ask passage in your boat," Bell said after a momentary conversation with the impulsive Indians.

We wanted to know how many wanted passage, for the boat we now had was considerably smaller than the other.

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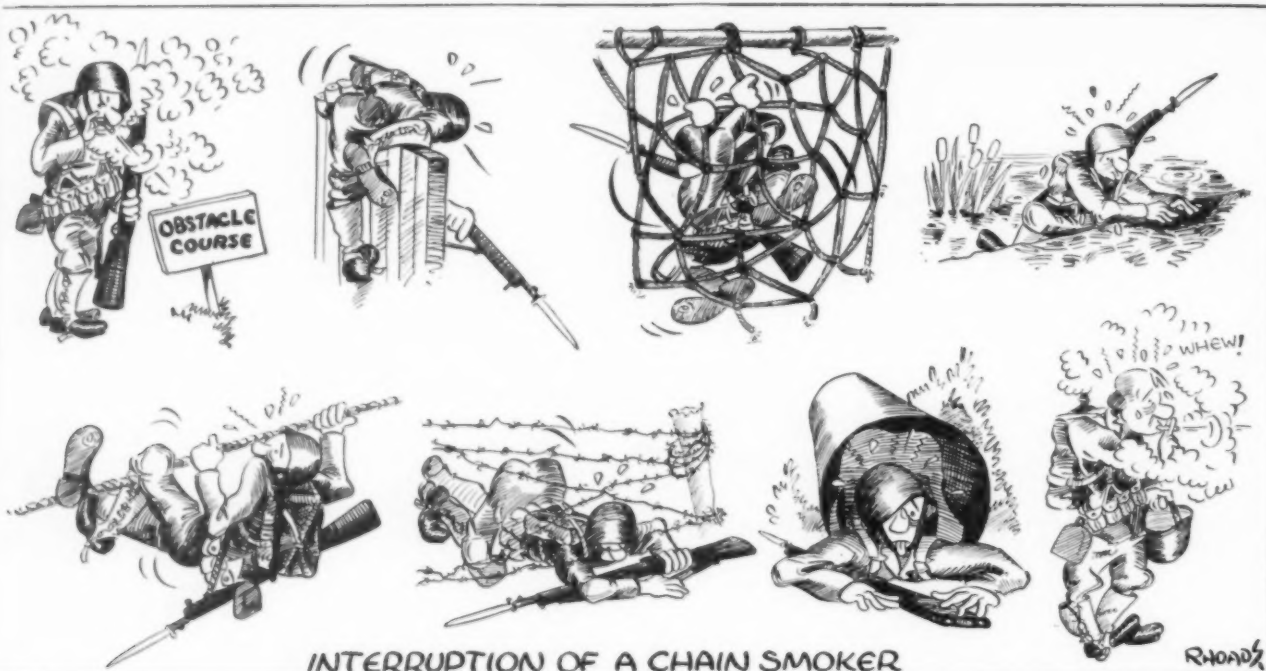
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Mothersill's
AIR SICK REMEDY



INTERRUPTION OF A CHAIN SMOKER

Gesticulative jabbering between Bell and our would-be guests revealed that "they say tell chief six want come."

This the guide addressed to Rader, whom he had assumed to be our chief because of his imposing size—6 feet two inches in height and weighing 220 pounds. We must have been as much a curiosity to the red men as they were to us, for five of the seven of us were six feet or more in height while not one of the Indians was over five feet tall.

The newly elected chief signified his assent with all the dignity he could muster, and we were to bless the hour we permitted them to join us for it is

doubtful we ever would have reached Kaieteur without them.

THEY swarmed into the boat like monkeys and bailed her dry, stowed away all our gear as well as their own peculiar belongings, and we shoved off. Bloody Bill Anderson, whose mechanical genius was beginning to be a matter of doubt for us, recommended his tinkering with the motor while the more practical Indians commenced pushing downstream with steady strokes of the paddles.

They must have paddled three hours without surcease. We undertook to help but were only of nominal value inasmuch as we were not as inured as they to the roasting of that relentless sun. We were less than six degrees from the Equator in a climate roughly the same as that of French Equatorial Africa.

There were diversions, however. Foutz, desiring a cool-off swim despite the danger of a carnivorous fish, was chary of doffing his clothes in front of the squaws, though the Indian men were all but naked and one of the women had been suckling her babe for an hour. We all howled to hear him say, in his South Carolina drawl:

"Pardon me, ma'ms, would you mind turning your back a minute, please?"

Jerry Bell saved the Marine further awkwardness by remarking casually:

"Swim awright—but watch for 'lectric eel. She sting you."

The entire Jap army couldn't have thrown Foutz into the water after that.

The failure of our motor to operate caused increasing concern; we had no desire to spend the night in the bush. Guiana is full of wild animals, birds, insects and reptiles. Among the beasts, one and all nocturnal, are the tapir, the manatee, the acouri and labba, the sloth, ant-eater, armadillo, deer, baboons, monkeys and the puma and jaguar. The rivers are alive with alligators. The inlanders are infested by huge boa-constrictors, deadly bushmasters, labarrias and rattlesnakes.

Rounding a bend in the river we found ourselves at Warratuk, another stretch of rough water and rapids, this time garnished with clutching whirlpools. The Indians, after great exertion, brought us skilfully through the dangerous water and we beached on a rocky shore.

As we threaded our way along the path to the next landing above the rapids, we agreed that our Indian friends surely had earned their ride—they were now insistent upon toting all our baggage. It was in this area that we began to notice we were penetrating a range of towering mountains—the Pacaraima range which attains a height of 8,000 feet in some places. In the center of this group we were to find Kaieteur, grandest fall in the New World.

At the far end of the portage we sought out another boat, even smaller

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Use it for dry cracked lips

than the one we had recently vacated. Bell emitted a cry of surprise:

"This one no float! We got sleep night in bush."

Bloody Bill Anderson promptly wanted to know what great power it was that was going to make him sleep in that benighted jungle without netting or other bat protection. Patiently Bell explained that the sun had widened the seams of the vessel to such an extent it would sink like a sieve if anyone tried to use it. As proof he shoved the boat into the water and it filled like a guzzler's glass in a nickel beer tavern.

We were not convinced. The boat was hauled out of the water and we set to work caulking her seams with parts of an old burlap bag while the Indians were hanging their hammocks in readiness for a good night's sleep.

In an hour's time we decided the boat was sufficiently patched to permit a launching. We tossed her into the water just as the first bats began to whisk about, and sent one of the Indians we had named "Ugly" (and he loved it) into her as test pilot. She floated!

Quickly we loaded our baggage and all hands got aboard. Everyone began stroking furiously down the dark path of the river. Suddenly from the rear of the boat there came a coughing and sputtering and a shriek from Bloody Bill Anderson. Startled we turned to find him working feverishly over the obstinate motor, which in a moment came to life with a healthy roar. He had refused to give up hope. Now we were off at last.

Fortunately Rader had brought along a strong flashlight, for between Warartuk and Tukeit—our destination for the day—the Potaro became perilously narrow, winding and rocky. Jerry Bell, with all his navigating skill, was happy to take advantage of Rader's light. As we putt-putted along in the Stygian darkness, bound on either side by the thick black wall of jungle night, multitudes of insects hummed a choric monotone and bats squeaked sickishly overhead.

After a number of narrow escapes from wicked rocks jutting out of the water, we saw what appeared to be a light far ahead. It proved to be Tukeit. I don't know exactly what we expected at Tukeit, but we found one house and a compound for Indians, and that was all. An old colored man named Johnson lived alone there. As we pulled ashore near his dwelling we learned from Bell that the river from this point on was no longer navigable.

Johnson apparently was expecting us, by what means of communication in that wild interior we could not comprehend. He jargoned a welcome to us and showed

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"I HAD THE HAIR... SO THE MAJOR GOT THE AIR"



I'M WACKY ABOUT A WAAC
...but she gave me the go-by for a Major! When I looked in the mirror, I knew why. My hair was wild, dry, wiry, and itchy too!



THEN A PAL TELLS ME
about "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. "Dry Scalp," he says, "loose dandruff... rub a few drops of this on your scalp and check it pronto!"



THANKS TO "Vaseline" Hair Tonic, my hair looks and feels better from morning till night... and what nights. The moon is moonier—stars are starrier—everybody's happy but the Major!

5 DROPS A DAY

**KEEPS DRY SCALP AWAY
GIVES YOU HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR!**

THE SECRET: When you comb your hair, shake a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp. Simple—yet it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplying natural scalp oils—keeps your hair well-groomed all day! Then be

sure to massage your scalp vigorously with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before shampooing—and rub a little on afterwards. Remember: "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is different because it contains no drying ingredients.

AT ALL POST EXCHANGES



us two rooms in which were cots and nets.

"Any bats?"

Yes, Bell assured us, there were bats. But we were tired and went to bed.

THE scenery amazed us when we awoke at dawn. Tukeit Falls, smaller and slimmer than the celebrated Kaieteur, stretched high in a perpendicular column from the top of a mountain just across the river from us, looking like the veil of a fleeing bride. On all sides were overhanging mountains that looked as if they might at any moment tumble down and crush us. Low-hanging clouds wreathed the brows of these giants in mist and the air was delightfully cool.

We set out early along a narrow, winding path that disappeared into the jungle at the foot of the mountain. Metcalf, the Tennessee mountaineer, was in the lead; city-bred Dwyer and King second; broad-shouldered Foutz, from a farm in North Carolina, next; ponderous Rader and beefy Anderson were followed by myself, newest in the Marine Corps and less hardened. Bell brought up the rear, perhaps, I surmised, to discourage straggling.

Upward, upward—the four leaders were out of sight and I was ready to drop in my tracks when Rader caught his foot between two boulders and ripped the heel from his shoe. With groans of relief, Anderson and I sank to the ground, presuming that Rader would stop to make repairs. Instead, he simply retrieved the heel and continued on the way. Bell, taking no chances, lingered with Anderson and me during our brief moment of respite. Then it was up and up again. The higher we climbed the hotter the sun beat upon us until perspiration soaked us to the skin. I was going on nerve alone when Bell called a sudden halt.

"Listen!" he cried.

We did so, and heard a ponderous roaring that we had not noticed before.

"Kaieteur!" said Bell.

THEN we proceeded upward. Too tired to talk, we listened to Bell—whose endurance was amazing—tell us about the falls. Kaieteur, or more properly Kaietuk, means "Old Man Falls" in Indian. Legend has it that an old Indian once was thrown over the brink by his enemies and that his name

has been given to the cataract ever since. White men discovered the existence of Kaieteur about 50 years ago. The falls is visited but rarely by whites; hardly 50 Americans have ever seen it from the ground. This is strange for a natural wonder more than twice the size of our own Niagara.

We parked our heavy gear and started down the short path to the brink. One hundred yards from the shack we saw what we had trekked so far to enjoy. Kaieteur! Stunned by the grandeur of the scene we sat and silently drank it in. For sheer rugged beauty I had never seen a spectacle like this!

The deep valley below, carved out by the eroding waters in some millions of years, presented a panorama that made us dizzy. Hundreds of small swallows darted and flew in the clouds of mist that hovered over the brink. Periodically some natural process caused the mist to boil up like steam from some gigantic cauldron and completely hide the falls. From time to time rain could be seen, and so high were we that we could observe the rain clouds and clouds of mist as they combined and rolled around madly in the turbulent gorge.

Many times during the descent we

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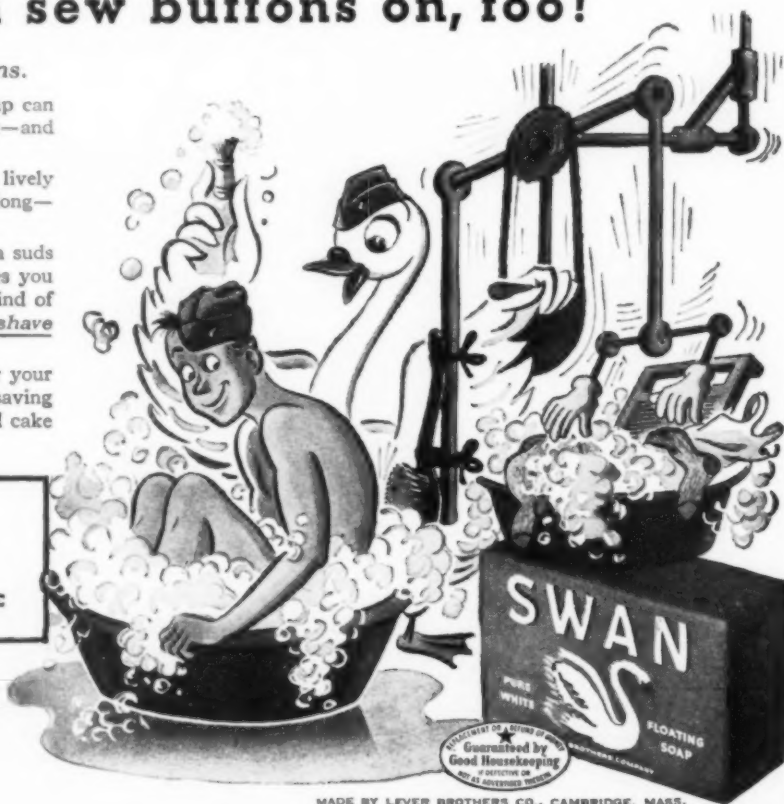
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MAKE THE "USED BLADE" TEST

were moving at a trot, simply because we could not do otherwise. We hit bottom in just fifty-five minutes, weary but gay with the spirit of conquest. We concluded that the enervating qualities of the tropical climate had more to do with our fatigue than the rigors of the climb, and since we apparently had made better time than most previous climbers we decided we were a credit to the Marine Corps after all. And that is a full time job.

We went straight to Johnson's house, stripped and raced for the shallow waters at the base of the rapids. Eels or no eels, we were mighty dirty and Marines are reared in a tradition of personal cleanliness.

EARLY next morning we arose and bade farewell to the Mancusi and to old Johnson and paddled out into the stream. There, surprisingly, we got our motor working in short order and made our way to Warratuk. All went smoothly on the return via Amatuk to Kanguruma except that our boats were all sunk when we arrived at their moorings and we had to raise and bail them out before going on.

It was on the last lap of the boat ride, between Amatuk and Kanguruma, that we first noticed what appeared to be a mass migration of the butterflies. No one at the base has been able to give a good biological explanation for what we saw. It was thousands upon thousands of butterflies and moths, of all colors and descriptions, flying in a northerly direction across the Potaro, presumably stop-

ping only at night. Even as I write, thousands of the insects are winging their way outside my window on their hegira to the north.

At 2 p.m. Wednesday we paddled ashore and climbed the hillside to the southern terminal of the single road back to civilization. Jones and his lorry arrived just before dark to carry us on the short hop to Garraway Stream, where our old host, Mr. Rock, was again awaiting us. Night found us preparing a regular feast, our first hot meal in several days. Some few onions and Irish potatoes we had brought with us—both rarer than blondes in British Guiana—we fried and consumed with great relish. Even the bats failed to worry us as we finished our banquet and piled into the cots to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

On Friday—six days after the beginning of our expedition—the clanging of Mr. Rock's pseudo-military reveille drove us from our beds in pure self defense and we climbed aboard the lorry for the final jaunt to Bartica. That 100 miles of bumps and jolts went very slowly, as home-stretches are wont to do. We barely beat a heavy rainfall into the sleepy little town in mid-afternoon and went immediately to report in to our superior officer.

"Seven-man scouting party returned. All present and accounted for, sir."

The officer nodded and waited, for he knew what to expect next:

"... and pardon us, sir, but have we any mail?"



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Economical, too, because there's never a dud blade in a pack!

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Haiti

(Continued from page 23)

into a real fighting force. It was the Marine-led Gendarmerie which chased the Cacos back into their mountain hide-outs and beat them into a state of sullen submission which lasted for several years. But the embers of revolt were still smoldering, and, in 1919, they burst into flame sparked by one Charlemagne Peralte, a Caco leader taken prisoner by the Gendarmerie and put to work on the roads.

The peasants grew to hate the Marines and the Gendarmerie who made them work. They slipped away at night and joined armed bands of Cacos and deserters.

Charlemagne Peralte was one of the first to take to the hills. Others flocked to his standard. Before long he and his lieutenant, Benoit Batrville, had a force of some 15,000 scattered throughout the island. His declared purpose was to overthrow the government and run all of the Marines out of Haiti. Aiding him were small-time, disgruntled politicians, fifth columnists and propaganda



"INSPECTION WAS good, Sergeant, but warn the men in 10 room about playing card games."

agents, covering every city and town in Haiti. Against him were fewer than 1,500 Marines and a Gendarmerie of about 2,000 enlisted Haitians.

The Marines never thought of the

odds; they didn't have to. Two Leatherneck non-coms, Hanneken and Button, had been commissioned Captain and Lieutenant respectively in the Gendarmerie. Capt. Hanneken figured out a deep and well-laid plot to get Peralte. He had one of his trusted Gendarmes "join" the Cacos and work his way into the good graces of the black leader. Another agent of his became a "Caco general." By clever maneuvering, Peralte was tricked into sending men against a supposedly undefended town. Meanwhile, Hanneken and Button blackened their faces and put on old civilian clothes. Twenty Gendarmes were similarly dressed to appear like Cacos.

Led by the Gendarme whom Hanneken had sent out to become a Caco, the little band made its way through six lines of enemy outposts. At each post the "Caco-Gendarme" gave the password and stated that they were carrying news of victory to Peralte.

Nearer and nearer they came to the inner camp where Charlemagne awaited them as bearers of good tidings. Several hundred of his bodyguard were scattered around him—picked men, well armed.

Just as Hanneken approached, Charle-

Salute to Superior Refreshment



BALLANTINE BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

magne and some of his men became suspicious and went for their guns. Hanneken was quicker. His first shot got the Caco leader who had sworn to drive the Marines into the sea. Button cut loose with his automatic and the Gendarmes let go a volley of rifle fire. Charlemagne and nine of his men were killed in this action; the rest of the Cacos fled. All the rest of that night Hanneken and the gendarmes stood off counterattacks. The following day they fought their way back to the nearest town bringing Charlemagne's body for more positive identification.

FROM the moment they had met over drinks in the "Bar of the Infant Jesus," "Doc" Redder, an American who "knew" voodoo, had taken a liking to Durman. One evening he invited the lieutenant to come along and "see something interesting." The faint rays of the moon lighted their way as they walked through the narrow alleys in the north part of the city. Slab-sided mangy curs slunk from their path or crouched over some rotted fish head or bit of offal—(Tou ça ka terre li pou chien—everything on the ground is for the dogs). Dung littered the muddy way, and the open gutters, sewers of the poor, stank to high heaven. Little board and tin hovels sagging at crazy angles added the final note of utter desolation to the scene.

"Doc" paused before one of these huts and rapped a signal, "one, two, three—one, two, three"; lucky numbers in the voodoo ritual. The door creaked open just enough to let the two men slip in. Durman leaned back against the wall as Redder stepped forward to greet the master of ceremonies, Maitre Laguerre. Laguerre, taller than the average black, made an imposing figure though he wore nothing but a pair of dirty blue pants cut off at the knees and a red bandana twisted loosely about his head. Strong muscles rippled under the ebony skin of the wide chest. The proud head was flung back so the flickering candles emphasized the high cheekbones and firm jaw. The sombre eyes flashed brief recognition as "Doc" addressed him, then dulled to blankness.

DURMAN needed time to take in all his surroundings. His attention focussed first on a kind of altar built in three steps or stages against the far side of the room and dimly lit by twisted wicks floating in halved small gourds of oil. It was covered with assorted objects—bottles and glasses; leaves of tobacco; some copper coins; a wooden crucifix; eggs, symbols of fertility; a hairball from the stomach of a cow.



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Before he could examine the rest of the room, "Doc" motioned him to sit down on a bench facing the altar. As Durham settled beside him he whispered: "This is known as Loi Jubarre. It's a glass eating affair—absolutely forbidden by law. When I nudge you, just repeat after me, 'zeux oué, bouche pé.' It simply means, 'your eyes see but your lips will not speak.' Other than that just sit tight and watch what goes on."

Laguerre stood alone in the center of the dirt floor swaying from side to side and muttering to himself. He seemed dazed and uncertain. A woman who had been crouching near the altar began a low chant. The words were deep-filled with mystery; the voice rose and fell as a prayer was intoned with growing urgency. From behind the curtained doorway the cadenced ring of metal against metal, the quiet yet insistent beat of a drum took up and stressed the higher notes of this plea to the gods to "break the barriers and draw near." Several men and women came from the inner room, their bodies swaying in time with the beat of the ritual music and song.

No one approached the altar, but

suddenly quick silence fell and all eyes turned toward it. The black stone rattled on its plate. The god was speaking.

Durman tried in vain to figure out what it was that had set the stone in motion. Vibration, perhaps, from the movement in the room; but there had been vibration before the stone rattled at all. What then? The same force that "raised" tables in Christian parlors? The "believers" listened quietly until the god-stone had delivered its message, then eased into comfortable positions on the benches, or squatted near the sides of the room.

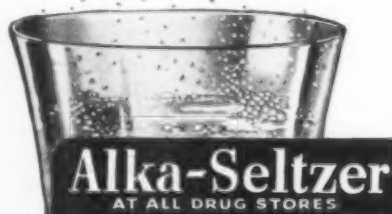
One of the women handed Laguerre a large tin basin of corn meal. In a kind of trance he let the meal trickle through his strong skilled fingers to form crude interlocking circles, squares and angles on the uneven floor. Meanwhile glasses had been passed around and a bottle of taffia. The lieutenant poured out a stiff slug of the potent white alcohol—juice of the cane fermented and once distilled—odds and ends of herbs and dried flowers added for flavor and greater stimulation of the senses. Following the example of the others, he spilled a few drops to the "spirits and



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Keep Alka-Seltzer handy. Then, when you want relief from any or all of the annoying ailments, it's there—right at your finger tips... Remember, also, all drug stores serve Alka-Seltzer, by the glass at soda fountains.



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the mysteries" before swallowing the contents of his glass. The liquid fire herbs and dried flowers added for flambéed through his body until his very toenails seemed to jump in their sockets. From then on, he wasn't too sure of that night's events and their true meaning and significance. He realized, too, that the heavy odor of some strange incense was further drugging his mind and body.

When Laguerre had emptied the basin of meal, he set it on the floor in the middle of the cabalistic design. Then he began a chant. The others present joined in.

Portez couyé pou nou boi sang
(Bring us a spoon to drink blood)

Sang meme, sang meme,
(Blood itself, blood itself)

Ai Yamma! Vini bue sang!
(Hey there! Come and drink
blood!)

As the song ended, the Master stood still as death for a moment. The others drew back, as a bubbling groan rose to his lips. His jaws clenched and unclenched. Like an animal in pain he gnashed the blunt and broken stubs of his yellowed teeth. Saliva foamed from his mouth and ran down his chin. Yet all the while his body was rigid as if held in an iron vise. One of the women advanced and put a glass of taffia to his lips. Convulsively his head snapped back and the woman poured the contents of the glass down his throat. Instantly he was transformed into a maddened beast. He snatched the glass from the woman's hand, crunched it in his palm and avidly thrust the pieces into his mouth and swallowed them. With a sudden sweep he seized a bottle from the altar, bit off the neck and crushed it savagely with his teeth. Someone handed him a heavy plate which he snapped in half as one would break a cookie, thrusting the fragments between blood-stained jaws. A cup followed, several dishes, and pieces of a clay water jug. Laguerre crouched on his haunches, then slumped and lay twisting and writhing like a snake. His insatiable desire was glass and more glass, eagerly he sought out the fragments which littered the floor. His eyes bulged out and dripped blood, blood streamed from his nose and ears—a bloody ooze stained his neck and scalp. The room reeked and stank of blood.

"Let's slide out and get a breath of air," "Doc" had suggested just as Durman felt that he could stand no more of the horrible sight and stench. They stood outside and smoked a couple of cigarettes, then entered the house again. Laguerre was propped on a small stool.

Men and women stood around bathing his head and chafing his wrists. Gobs and clots of blood strained up from his throat; chunks of glass, clay and china rattled into the tin container. He threw back his head and gasped heavily. A red spray of blood stained the onlookers.

DURMAN went outside again. Presently "Doc" joined him. "O.K.? That's good. We can tell our host goodbye and shove off. There he is now." Laguerre was leaning against the door frame. As far as Durman could tell, he was little the worse for his experience. There were cuts around the mouth and cheeks—the eyes looked bloodshot and wild, but the Master was definitely on his feet and functioning. He even managed a few words of farewell.

The whole affair had been ugly, and bewildering. Sights such as these might upset the balance of many a young officer coming on duty in a strange new land. But Durman was of tough stock, with an inquiring and objective mind, accustomed to the unusual. Born and reared in Louisiana he had had contacts with hoodoo and voodoo as practiced there. He had learned of human sacrifices that had taken place in Louisiana less than 25 years before his birth. He had seen Obeah rites in Jamaica and he had witnessed the black arts of the Brujo priests of Cuba. He understood the "Cajun" dialect of Louisiana. And the Cajuns speak somewhat like the Haitian Creoles.

He knew that a sense of humor was vitally necessary in dealing with the Haitians. They were humorists themselves, and their humor could be sharp. The Marines' "U.S.M.C. initials" had been translated and twisted in various ways by the natives, such as "Use Sans Moindre Controle" or "Used Without the Least Control," and "Un Salaud Mal Costume" or "A Sloppy Bum."

These "Sloppy Bums" made plenty of friends in Haiti before they left there in 1934—and they trained a guard force of which any nation could be proud. Only a few months ago, Colonel O'Shan reported: "Our gendarmerie is still tip-top."

The thought of Colonel O'Shan's visit snapped ex-Lieutenant Durman—now a Colonel himself—back to the hard realities of 1942 and to the new treaty in his hand.

"Even during the old days," he thought, "I learned to esteem and to respect the Haitian people. I'd like to go back there today under the terms of this treaty. Haitians and Americans, Garde and Marines—we are all united in a common cause: 'Victory over the Aggressors!'"

Dope on Celebs

(Continued from page 28)

ment is tremendously insignificant compared to your feats and display of real courage day after day.

But let's take a gander through the Who's Who of the sports trades, particularly the professional branches. First, think of the vast number of participants-for-pay throughout the country who are in such major sports as baseball, golf and the like. Then figure for yourself (1) those who have distinguished themselves, as you have, in action, and (2) the number who are still not even in uniform. The number in the first group, you'll find, is very small; the number in the second is very, very large.

Craig Wood, the veteran who won the National Open golf title in '41, was turned down for a Marine commission because of a back injury.

And just to balance the scale, there's another athlete of fame, about the same age as Wood, who didn't have the hard luck to nurse a bum back. You know him—Ted Lyons, age 42, star pitcher for the Chicago White Sox, now of the Marine Corps.

Some of the sports headliners went in at the bottom rung. Some, like Barney Ross, Lyons and Tommy Loughran of the Marine Corps, enlisted. Among others who went into service as privates or boots were Joe Louis, Hank Greenberg, Billy Conn, Sam Snead, Bob Feller, Ted Williams, Red Cochrane, Porky Oliver, Vic Ghezzi, Charlie Gehringer, Burgess Whitehead, Buddy Hassett and Cecil Travis, to name a few. The roster includes both enlistee and draftee.

Boxing is undoubtedly a combat sport. The Marines and boxing can boast at least one ex-champion who made good where the going was really rugged. Barney Ross, ex-welterweight king, has been honored as the athlete of the year in a nationwide poll of sports experts for his heroism in the Solomons. Heavyweight Champ Joe Louis is in the army, of course, and he's done all they asked of him, but his combat duties to date—for army relief funds—was to stiffen Buddy Baer in one heat and Abe Simon in six, which is about the same amount of action a Gyrene gets knocking off four monkeys.

Aside from Ross then, can you name another ex-boxer who might be mentioned in the same sentence with any under-fed, over-fought Leatherneck on Guadalcanal? It wouldn't be Maxie Baer, who is busy emoting in Hollywood; Lou Nova, in the state guard or something in California, or other present or former box office attractions at Madison Square Garden.

Hashimoto

(Continued from page 17)

heroes had the misfortune to run into a U. S. Flying Fortress. (The big ship came out of a cloud and caught the Japs unawares.) After the Fort's gunners got through with Lieutenant Suki-Yaki, Lieutenant Richi-Richi and Superior Private Skivvi-Skivvi, there were three more ancestors. Only Hashimoto managed to get away. And when the fun-loving third lieutenant returned to Rabaul his Zero was so full of holes that the ground crew used the plane's wings to strain bugs out of their rice.

For this splendid action, Lieutenant Hashimoto was awarded the Emperor's Order of the Yellow Kite in a splendid ceremony. General Whatapogi, one of the conquerors of Wake Island, was there. And it was quite a party. After the ceremonies, Hashimoto and Miss Necki-Necki drank four two-gallon jugs of saki and two dozen bottles of Keri beer.

The third lieutenant looked gravely at Miss Necki-Necki and a tender, soft glow came into his eyes. He picked up a log and hit the girl squarely on the burr of the ear.

It was broad daylight when the happy third lieutenant returned to the air field. Perhaps the saki and the Keri beer had made him too elated. Anyway, the third lieutenant took off alone and headed in the direction of Guadalcanal. Hashimoto had been in the air only an hour when he met a lone Grumman. The pilot of the Grumman was Captain Joe Foss, USMCR. And to Third Lieutenant Hashimoto came another honor—he became Captain Foss' 22nd victim.

That's about all there is to the saga of Third Lieutenant Hashimoto, the No. One Monk of the Ring-tailed Squadron, except that every sundown, when the monkeymen fly back to the base, there is a sigh from the ranks of the worshipping ground crew. No more is one of their group honored by a saber whack on the rear, nor is one fortunate enough now to be given the highest tribute of all—a speedy trip to his ancestors due to a throat incision.

Saddest scene of all, though, is the Necki-Necki residence on Fish Head Lane. Lights are dim, shadows envelop the front door and the only sound, a muffled but steady knock, comes from the back. It is caused by the mourning Miss Necki-Necki gently beating her head against the wall of the woodshed. Eventually she will join her ancestors and Hashimoto, too, if this keeps on long. Which is O. K., too.

Who Said:
"Don't give up
the Ship!"



The Courageous
sayings of brave men in moments of danger highlight our historical documents. When Capt. James Lawrence was mortally wounded, his ship damaged and defeated in engagement with the British frigate Shannon, he still rallied his men to a desperate last minute stand with these fighting words.

Also a famous saying is
"KING EDWARD, please!"

It's spoken wherever Americans seek a good cigar that's mild, rich and pleasurable, yet easy on the pocket-book, too.

Try King Edward today and see for yourself why it's America's most popular cigar. Each King Edward gives you 40 full minutes of smoke-satisfaction... and the price is 2 for 6c.



HEY MAC!

PAY YOUR INCOME TAX

INCOME TAXES, or the operation on the pocketbook of a Marine, is the topic of this article.

Yes, it's an awful subject to write about, but it must be done. It's a horrible time to be writing about it, too, but, well—these are terrible times.

So here goes . . .

MARINES STATIONED in this country: All you will get from the collector of internal revenue now is notice that

MARINES OF '43

For Twenty-two Years all United States Marines have had the privilege of enrolling for courses of study with the Marine Corps Institute—for educational and vocational courses that have been most successfully taught by the correspondence method.

Marines of 1943 still have the same fine privilege—and opportunity. You may enroll for the course of your choice; you study as rapidly as your time and ability permit. And your course may be completed in spare time—wherever you are stationed, wherever the mails go. All necessary textbooks—together with instruction service—are furnished by the Marine Corps Institute. No charge is made for your course of study with the M. C. I.—your school.

Here's an educational opportunity that you can hardly afford to pass up—if you are stationed where you have just a few hours' spare time each week to devote to your studies.

If you have a real desire to study, a real determination to add to your educational qualifications, then send for an M. C. I. course. For full details and application blanks, write to:

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
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Here Are a Few of the Courses
You May Study

Aviation Mechanics	2nd Lt. Preparatory
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Drawing	Gas and Electric
Civil Engineering	Welding
Surveying and Mapping	Diesel Engines
Refrigeration	Internal Combustion Engines
Bookkeeping and Business Forms	Automobile Technician
Stenographic-Secretarial	Special Automobile
Post Exchange	Engines
Bookkeeping	High School Subjects

NOTE: Since the day the Marine Corps Institute was first organized, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services, and it is to the Institute and our Marines that the I. C. S. dedicates the above message.

sooner or later he's going to operate on your pocketbook or bank balance. He is sure you developed a certain cash growth in 1942.

He's a good fellow, though. He'll leave it to you to diagnose whether the growth is large enough to necessitate a major operation with gas or just a little simple first aid with a touch of smelling salts.

He'll also let you decide whether you want to take the full treatment, or the works, now; or wait until after the war.

In other words, if you made enough money in 1942 to be taxed you may ask for deferment. But, as in the past, you will have to fill out a return, or form, telling how much money you made and how much tax you owe.

And if you want to hold back paying it until later, such as after the war, you must fill out another form asking Uncle Sam to put you on the cuff. You can get this form from the collector of internal revenue nearest your post, or ask your superior officer about it.

MARINES STATIONED in foreign posts: You don't have to worry about any of these details until you come back to these shore, and then you have three additional months in which to file a return. This period may be known as the 90-day income tax spree.

As in the previous instance, however, you abroad may make the pill now, swallow it and send in your tax money.

For enlisted Marines holding the rating of sergeant or above during 1942, income taxes become a reality this month. The same is true for boots who were holding jobs in defense plants or earning fat wages before they enlisted.

To decide whether you are liable to the tax or not, calculate your base pay for 1942, adding any bonuses you may have received for foreign service, medal pay or longevity service, and/or any money earned in civilian life if you enlisted during the year. If the total amounts to more than \$700 for single men and \$800 for married men, you have to file a return.

Do not add subsistence into the above figure. However, if part of your pay was allotted to your wife or some dependent, you include that amount in your total earnings. In other words, if you were paid \$50 a month, and your wife got \$22 of it, you still pay on the \$50—not \$28. Get it?

IN making out the report, there is a choice of using either the detailed form (1040) or the short form (1040A)



"I DON'T CARE if they are rushing us. I've got to finish filling out this damned form."

if the income was less than \$3,000. Most Marines will use 1040A because it is short and sweet and, in most instances, cheaper. By using that form you simply have to figure the gross income and then refer to the chart on the back of the form which tells the amount of tax to be paid.

Men married before July 1, 1942, may file as a married man on the 1040A form, but not on the long or 1040 form. This is true whether you were not living with your wife at the time.

Men married before July 1, 1942, can file as a married man on a short form (1040A) but not on the long form. This is true even if you were not living with your wife at the time because you were in the Marine Corps. If you were married after that date, you must file as a single man if you use the short form. In this case, it may pay you to use the long form instead.

In making deductions on the short form, single men in the service are allowed to deduct \$250 from their gross pay and \$300 if they are married. A deduction of \$385 for each child or other dependent is also allowed.

Once you have figured the gross income and subtracted the proper deductions refer to the back of the short form for the rates. Here is what some of them are:

Salary	Single	Married separate return	Married joint return
\$525	\$1	\$0	\$0
600	11	0	0
650	20	3	0
800	46	27	0
1000	80	61	0
1200	115	96	0
1275	128	109	1
1400	149	130	17
1600	184	165	51
1800	218	199	85
2000	253	234	120

(Turn to page 70)

★

Thanks

to our new friends

and to our old

★



In the troubled year just passed, we, the makers of Old Gold Cigarettes, have had the most heart-warming experience a manufacturer can have.

Several millions of additional smokers turned to the enjoyment of Old Golds. This gave us the best year in our long history, and for this we are deeply grateful. We want to say thanks especially to our many friends in the Service, both new and old, to whose approval we owe so much.

We enter this New Year with a new sense of our obligations to all of you. We shall continue to give you smokers in the Service a cigarette blend of the finest quality—using the finest tobaccos available and the most modern methods of manufacture.

And for all of you, our friends, we hope this will be a happier year and a victorious one!

P. Lorillard Company

America's Oldest Tobacco Merchants • Established 1760



Makers of OLD GOLD Cigarettes

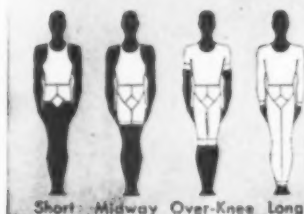


Service men and civilians all find they are "at ease" in Jockey Underwear no matter how strenuous their activities. More and more, thousands of service men every day are finding comfort in Jockey—the tailored-to-fit underwear.



Two-piece—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match

*Buy Jockey at Service Stores—
at Men's Wear or Dept. Stores—
or have Jockey sent from home*



Short Midway Over-Knee Long



MILD SUPPORT

It's the famous Y-front, no-gap construction that gives you mild, masculine support. Only Jockey by Coopers has it. So look for those names on the label.



COOL

You're cool in Jockey because your skin breathes. The knit fabric lets it do just that. You can keep warm, too, with varied leg lengths in cotton and wool.



NO BIND

Never a bind, squirm, crawl, or creep with Jockey. It simply can't do it—isn't tailored that way. That's why it's famous as the underwear that ended squirming.



WASHES EASILY Dries Before Reveille

Jockey washes as easily as sister's scanties—dries before reveille, too—needs no ironing either and, being tailored to fit, it quickly returns to body contours.

THE Bureau of Internal Revenue has asked that men obtain all data from the collector nearest to their home in civilian life. If this is not practical, consult your commanding officer or the Internal Revenue office nearest your post.

Returns do not have to be notarized this year. Fill it out, sign it and send it to the Collector of Internal Revenue in the district in which you lived as a civilian. If you don't know where that is, send it to the Collector of Internal Revenue in Washington, D. C.

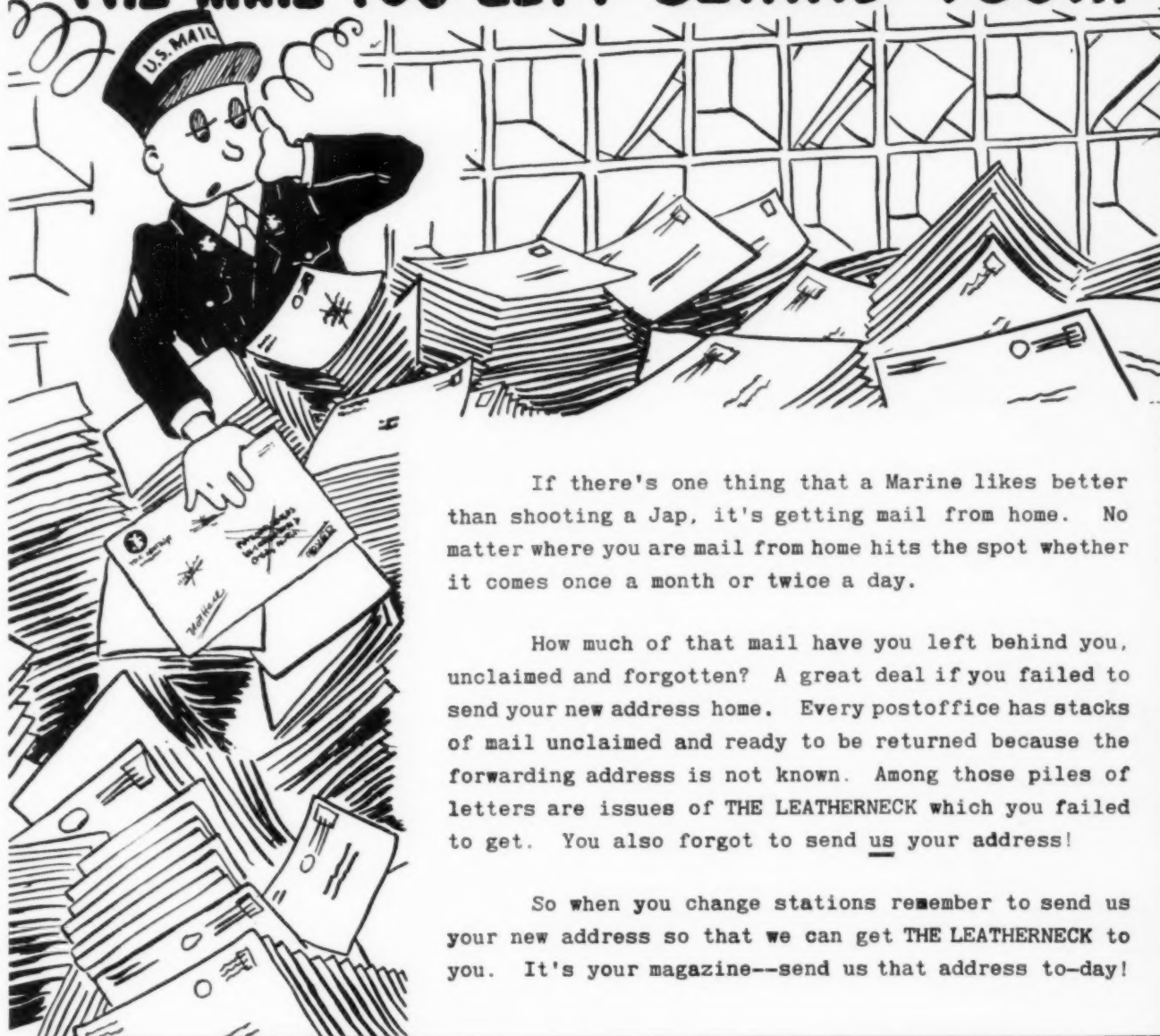
Being stationed outside of the United States will not exempt you if your salary is taxable. However, you will not have to file a return until three months after you get back into the states or three months after the end of the war.

If you entered the Marines after October 17, 1940, and you can prove that your ability to pay the tax is a great deal less now because you are in the Corps, you can get the payment put off until six months after your discharge.

BEGINNING January 1, 1943, a new "Victory Tax" of a flat five per cent is levied on all incomes in excess of \$12 per week or \$624 per year. Civilians will have this deducted from their pay. You, in the military service, do not have this tax deducted from your pay, but you pay it all at once at the end of the year. At that time, if you are not a commissioned officer on December 31, 1943, you get an additional exemption of \$250 if you are single or \$300 if you are married. Thus if you are single you will pay the flat five per cent tax only if your income is more than \$874 if single or \$924 if you are married. The law provides that you get a 25 per cent "post war credit" if you are single, 40 per cent if you are married, and two per cent for each dependent. This cannot exceed \$500 per year for a single man, \$1,000 for a married man or \$100 for each dependent.



THE MAIL YOU LEFT BEHIND YOU...



If there's one thing that a Marine likes better than shooting a Jap, it's getting mail from home. No matter where you are mail from home hits the spot whether it comes once a month or twice a day.

How much of that mail have you left behind you, unclaimed and forgotten? A great deal if you failed to send your new address home. Every postoffice has stacks of mail unclaimed and ready to be returned because the forwarding address is not known. Among those piles of letters are issues of **THE LEATHERNECK** which you failed to get. You also forgot to send us your address!

So when you change stations remember to send us your new address so that we can get **THE LEATHERNECK** to you. It's your magazine--send us that address to-day!

BE SURE AND

Send us your new addresses. If you fail to get a copy write to us giving your new and old addresses.

THE LEATHERNECK

MARINE BARRACKS, 8TH & EYE STS., S. E.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

YOUR OLD ADDRESS:

Name _____

Platoon Number _____ Battalion Number _____

YOUR NEW ADDRESS:

Name _____

Unit Number or Barracks _____

Location: _____

Mail This TODAY!

Dis-Missed

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE

RECENT word from the Red Cross representatives that imprisoned Marines and American civilians in Shanghai are receiving "fair and proper treatment" from Japanese jailors will carry little weight with old China hands. They remember what Japs were capable of back in 1938, when they were only policing the International Settlement. Here is a partial list of requirements for foreigners wishing to move back into the Hongkew area, where most of the fighting has occurred:

"Foreigners returning to districts North of the Creek are specially requested to respect the sentry on point duty at the Garden Bridge and at street corners by giving a gentle bow and wishing him GOOD MORNING. Foreigners must realize the fact that the Japanese soldier doing such duty represents the EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

"Special passes will be given to those having Japanese Friends and it is hoped that everyone wishing to live in Hongkew will make friends with the Japanese. Japanese ladies, 150 from the Tokio High School, well versed in English, are now in Shanghai for the sole purpose of being better acquainted with foreigners.

"Further details regarding interviews, etc., with these ladies will be furnished at the Japanese club in the office of the Secretary to the Commander of the Naval Fleet in Shanghai.

"Foodstuffs for residents will be sold at 23-12 per cent discounts. Saki will be free of charge to those who drink to the health of the EMPEROR and a quantity of not more than 2 litres can be taken away each day.

"In the event of foreigners wishing to employ Japanese maid servants, they are requested to make application to the Garrison Commander at the Japanese club as soon as possible as there are only a limited number of NEI-SANS. Bachelors need not apply. All single men will be supplied with mates as soon as facts are known. Married men applying for Nei Sans will have to obtain the consent of their wives.

"Foreigners who employ Nei Sans will be entitled to one bath a week in any of the undermentioned bath houses in Hongkew, free of charge, foreign ladies

can apply for Japanese Male masseur. The Bath Houses are situated at 275 Range Road, 393 Boone Road, 120 Woon-sung Road."

BY ORDER OF THE GARRISON COMMANDER, JAPANESE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN CHINA.

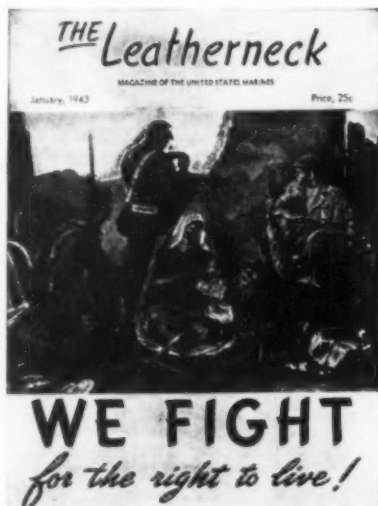
AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

THE LEATHERNECK's star artists, Corporals Pat Denman and John De Grasse, turned authors in this issue.

Denman, who was formerly on the Aircraft Carrier *Ranger*, has written and illustrated a series of stories on "Axis Heroes We Have Known." The first of these word-and-picture sketches concerns an intrepid Nipponese ace, Third Lieutenant Hashimoto. The story starts on page 16.

De Grasse has been snapping in as a short story writer for sometime. His

January Cover Praised



We've received dozens of letters praising THE LEATHERNECK's January cover. The picture was furnished through the courtesy of Abbott Laboratories, pharmaceutical supply manufacturers and publishers of "What's New."

lead-off yarn, "Not the Same Guy," is on Page 5, complete with pictures by the author.

Two Gyrenes from the F.M.F. have joined THE LEATHERNECK recently. They are Pfc. Fred Rhoads, talented cartoonist formerly at Camp LeJeune, New River, and Pvt. Robert H. Myers from San Diego.

For a sample of Rhoad's work see his hilarious strip on the New River obstacle course on page 60.

For almost a decade, Pvt. Myers was the Associated Press' top sports writer on the Pacific Coast. For the past year, however, he has been feature editor for A.P. and Wide World and has been covering the Hollywood news front.

Bob was 36 years old when he joined the Corps last Autumn. But he survived the rigors of Boot Camp quite well and even fought in the Saturday night boxing matches. The Los Angeles papers carried a funny account of Myers' fight with an 18-year-old recruit. The kid won the bout, but Bob finished strong and there was some booing when the decision was announced.

MYSTERY WRITER

Real name of the writer of "A Marine Remembers Haiti," on page 22, will have to remain a secret. The author is a Marine sergeant. You'll understand why he uses a nom de plume after you read the slightly shivery details about voodoo and other Haitian matters in the article. There'll be more of these "voodoo stories" in future issues of the magazine.

The Marine Corps public relations writers from the West Coast, Captain William P. McCahill, Staff Sergeant Larry Hays and Corporal Jack Pepper, scored heavily with the articles on "San Diego" and "Meet Mr. Yamashita" in the January issue.

Speaking of the West Coast, a "condensation review" of THE LEATHERNECK appears once a month in *The Chevron*. *The Chevron*, as you know, if you're stationed in the West, is the smart, stream-lined weekly newspaper published by Marines of the San Diego area.

FIGHTING REPORTERS

Marine Corps combat correspondents, stationed all over the globe, have made some important contributions to this issue of THE LEATHERNECK. We think you'll enjoy, particularly, Sergeant Jerry O'Leary's story of adventure in South America, "Jungle Jaunt," which starts on page 18.

Sergeant Maurice Moran has a tingling description of a Marine Corps station on the lonely island of Great Exuma. Moran's story is on page 42, the first item in the Detachment section.

We were pleased to note that Jimmy Hurlburt, one of the Corps' fighting reporters on Guadalcanal, has been promoted to Technical Sergeant.

That Extra Something!

... You can

spot it every time

On furlough and headed home! Everybody's hometown has an extra something no other place possesses. Family ties... familiar scenes and places. A place like the old neighborhood soda fountain, for instance. And the happy times of youth spent there.

And at the soda fountain... ice-cold Coca-Cola, the drink everybody remembers... and looks forward to. And with good reason.

Coca-Cola has always been made the quality way with quality ingredients. Coca-Cola is an original creation with a very special something to offer... a finished art in its making... a blend of wholesome flavors that creates for Coca-Cola a taste all its own. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.



The situation is always well in hand, when your hand holds a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. No wonder "Coke-dates" are the thing.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coke, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time.



Like an occasional "leave", frequent refreshment helps morale. That's why you so often see the boys in uniform drinking ice-cold Coca-Cola.



After maneuvers, Uncle Sam's Marines like a drink that more than quenches thirst... a drink of refreshing energy... ice-cold Coca-Cola.

The best is always the better buy!

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General Lee behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST
GUARD

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



On land—on sea—yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

